

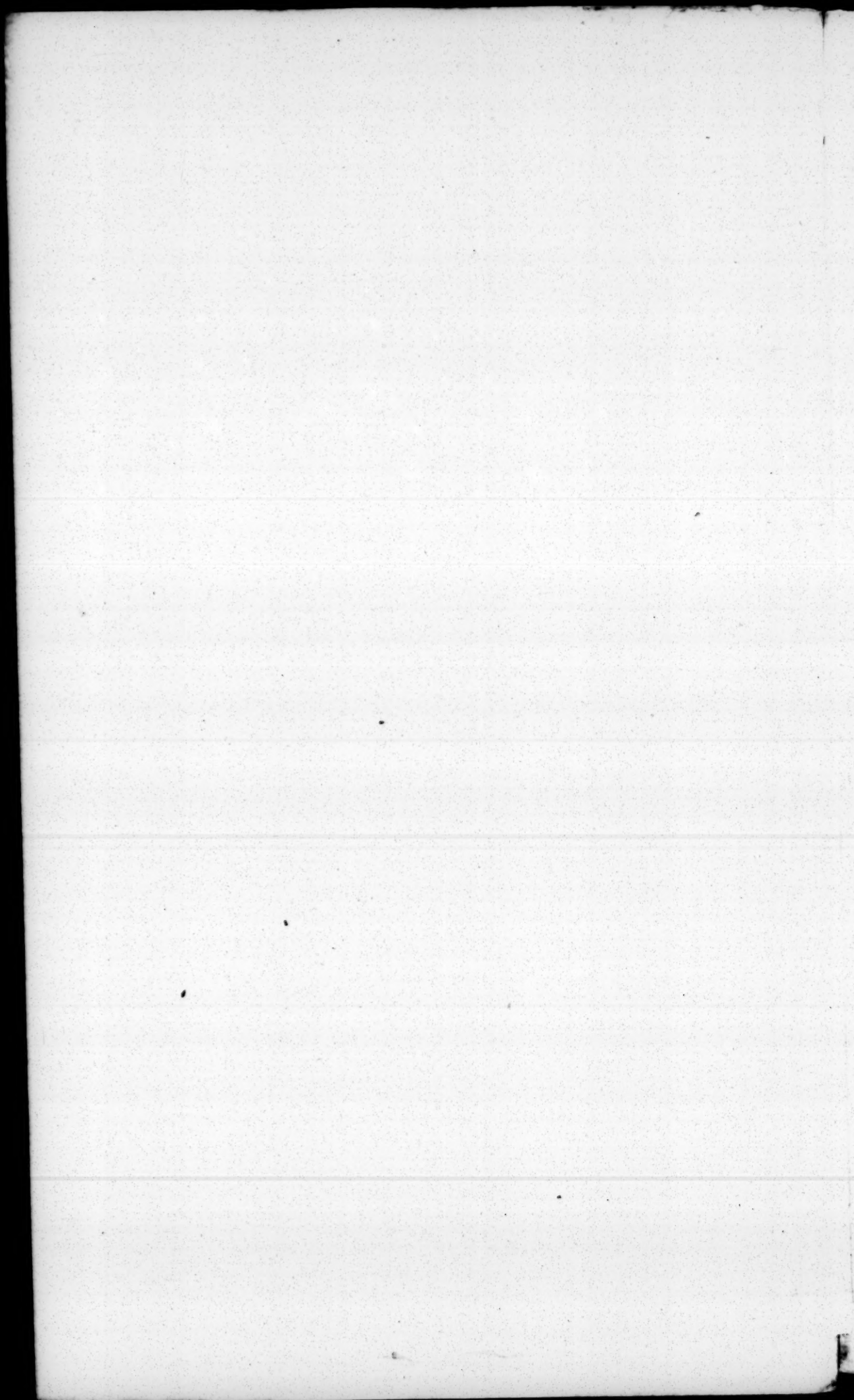


T H E
YORKSHIRE MEDLEY.

Printed for the AUTHOR.

(Price One Shilling.)





T H E
YORKSHIRE MEDLEY,

CONTAINING

Original Pieces in Prose and Verse,

V I Z.

COMIC JESTS, | CONNUNDRUMS,
MERRY STORIES, | And REBUSES.

WITH

SONGS both SERIOUS and COMICAL

DEDICATED

To the most remarkable M A N in P O N T E F R A C T.

To which is added, The

C O N T R A S T,

A

MUSICAL, SATIRICAL Entertainment, properly adapted to the present TIMES.

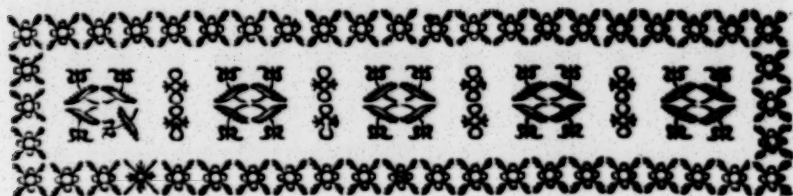


H A L I F A X:

Printed by P. D A R B Y, for the A U T H O R.

M. DCC. LXXIII.





DEDICATION,

To that thrice Renown'd

COXCOMB,

Full of the

Most Consummate Impudence ;

That PINK of

PUSILLANIMITY

The very Remarkable

JACK TOWNEND.

OLD JACK,

 I Believe the World will be very much surpriz'd that I should Dedicate these Lucubrations (for they are chiefly Candle-Light Work) to such a Coxcomb as thou art ; but my Reasons are manifold—the first is, I am certain thou can'st not read them ; so, of Consequence, never find Fault with them—the second is, as they are but foolish Things, 'tis proper a Fool should be at the Head of them. And, indeed, the Author is not much better, or he would never have chose thee for his Patron—my other Reason, Jack, is, because I believe

thee to be something related to the Family of the Comical Dogs; for though the Generality of the World thinks thee a great Fool (which to be sure is true) I know thee to be something else, by Instinct (as Sir John Falstaff has it)—Now, Jack, as I myself boast a particular Relationship to that august Body of Men, i. e. the Comical Dogs; and not knowing any I could claim Kindred with in these Parts, but thy self, I therefore chose to set thy addle Pate at the Head of my admirable Productions. 'Tis true, many would perhaps have prefer'd Th—s B—h—d, or N—d K—by, before thee; but they are of a Bastard Breed, Jack; they have nothing in them, unless their Heads are full of the Fumes of Sir John Barley-Corn; and then, indeed, they endeavour to ape the Humours of our Family; but do it so awkwardly, that the Ass is easily perceiv'd through the Lyon's Skin. Poor Jack, thou never heard of Foote, Woodward, nor Shuter; they are three Geniuses, Jack; the very Pink and Top of our Family: Was any of them to see thee, they would easily take thee off (according to the Theatrical Term) for thou hast got a very remarkable Phiz, fit to raise a Rifibility in the Countenance of any one, not a down-right Stoic.

I wish thou was a little nearer related to our Family than thou art, Jack; I would then launch out a great deal farther in Respect to thy Qualifications; but I don't know whether I may stand excused to the rest of my Family, or no, for ranking such a Sapscurll as thou art amongst them: In short, Jack, upon second Thoughts, I must set thee down a Mungrel—the Reason's plain, for thou art often a stupid, and an obstinate Dog, and always a foolish Dog; and they are very large Families in the Nation, as well as ours. Nay, thou art sometimes in Extremes, Jack; I have seen thee act the surly Dog to Perfection; from thence transform thyself into a saucy Dog, dwindle into a dull Dog, turn again to a sad Dog, and I verily believe thou would have been a mad Dog too, but what little Sense thou hast, is so well guarded by thy thick Scull, that I am certain thou wilt never be able to act up to that high Character, which would otherwise have long entitled thee to a handsome Apartment in Moorfields.

I have

I have often endeavour'd to study thy real Character, Jack; but have been frequently at a Loss, whether thou art more Fool, or Knave; I have sometimes concluded thee both, but there thy Simplicity brings thee off; for I again consider, if thou art really a Fool, thou can'st not tell how to play the Knave—yet, I'll allow there may be some Grains of low Cunning in thee; and even when that Qualification attends thee, it must be when that impenetrable Scalp of thine opens its Pores a little wider than ordinary.

For Example, Jack; we'll suppose a Man should break thy Head, and lay a Part of thy Scull bare; the Opening such a Blow would make, must certainly give Passage to a little of that Sense it guarded so well before. Ergo, Jack, thou wilt be cunning enough to avoid that Man for the future, unless it be for the Sake of Revenge; and even then thou wilt sculk and do it sneakingly (like thy Brother Fool, who cut the Carpenter's Head off, when he found him asleep) and till thy Revenge is gratified, Jack, our Family will miss thee; for thou wilt be a malicious Dog all the while. As I said before, Jack, if thou be a Fool, thou can'st not play the Knave; so neither can'st thou play the Fool upon us; for it must be Nature in thee; therefore, according to a metaphysical Definition, thou must of Consequence be a Natural—

“ For it is known to be a Rule,
“ The witty Man best acts the Fool.”

But for one Thing, Jack, or I should think thy Head might come to be a serviceable Utensil in a Barber's Shop, and cut as good a Figure as any of its Brother Blockheads (but as no wise Man would chuse to wear a Wig upon thy Fool's Pate) it would only stand for a Cypher; therefore I think it much better where it is already placed; i. e. upon thy strong, broad Shoulders, as much better able to bear it than any Thing else—for though I believe it to be very empty, yet I am certain it is also very heavy.

If it were not for Fear thou should'st be unhappy, Jack, I and all good Men would beg of Heaven to enlighten thy Understanding: And there indeed my own Case is something similar, as I believe all good Men would wish I had my Hearing; but we have both our Benefits with our Misfortunes, Jack; my Ears are shut against all Sorts of Noise, as Thunder, loud roaring Cannons, Duns, and a scolding Wife; and thy Folly, keeps thee insensible of thy wretched Situation in Life; which, whilst thou continues ignorant of, thou art happy, even happier far than many that have Sense and Riches to boast of.

And this is my chief Reason why I dedicate this Book to thee, for I don't know who is fitter for a merry, foolish Thing, than a happy foolish Fellow. And now, Jack, when thou comes a Begging, as far as a Crust of Bread, or a spare Bone, will do thee Service, I am thy Friend,

DUNNY.



A N

EPISTLE to the READER,

By W A Y of

INTRODUCTION.

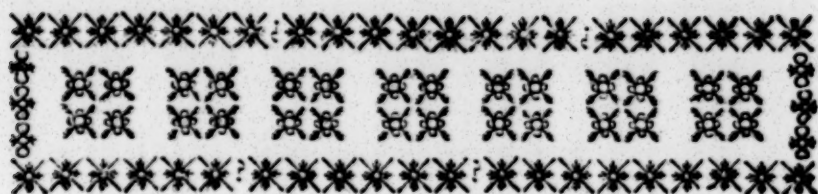
READER, the Book I here present,
If not well wrote, is yet well meant :
Some Blockheads are, so Fate ordains,
In Spight of Art, or Schoolmens Pains ;
Others again, so 'tis decreed,
Have just as much Sense as they need ;
Whilst brighter Mortals, more discerning,
Have their full Share of Wit and Learning :
Yet some again, so Fate thinks fit,
Have little Learning, but much Wit ;
Such SHAKESPEAR was, we're told by Fame,
And many more, whom I cou'd name ;
Whether or no, I have my Share,
I leave to others to declare,
For my Part, I nor know, nor care.
Yet, since by Wits I must be try'd,
And stand, or fall, as they decide ;
Then, welcome Fate, what e'er it be,
I must submit to their Decree ;
And if the Judgment they pronounce
Shou'd quite condemn me for a Dunce,

}

Without

Without one single Grain of Merit,
 They shall confess that I have Spirit,
 And Fortitude enough to bear it :
 'Tho' for a while it proves distressing,
 Misfortunes often bring a Blessing ;
 And what, at first, I take so ill,
 May prove a greater Comfort still ;
 And I may love that Man, whose Hate
 From scribbling Maggots free'd my Pate,
 From poor dull Prose, and empty Verses,
 And crop'd the Wings of my Pegasus :
 But if, instead of such Destruction,
 The World shou'd favour my Production,
 'Twill make poor Pegasus so vain,
 He may attempt to soar again :
 Yet, this I'll venture for my Poney,
 Since he has got me Friends, and Money,
 If e'er again I mount his Back,
 I'll never leave th' Reins too slack ;
 But am resolv'd to ride him better,
 'Through all th' Paths of Art and Nature ;
 Range o'er the Magazine of Wit,
 And cull what Fancy shall think fit ;
 Thence mount the lofty Hill Parnassus,
 Visit Apollo, and his Lasses :
 Hear Music, from th' fiddling Nine,
 And get inspir'd with Notes divine ;
 Then homeward turn Pegasus' Head,
 Both heart'ly tir'd, and fit for Bed :
 But, Reader, first—to thee Good-night ;
 And farewell too—:ill next I write.

DUNNY.



T H E
YORKSHIRE MEDLEY.



WO Persons discoursing together, and neither being willing to submit to the other, they agreed to drop the Argument: After some Pause, one of them broke Silence, with this Observation—"That he thought it was the Part of a great Mind to own a Mistake, and therefore he advised him to do so"—No, says the other, I should then have a double Advantage over you; allow me the Best of the Argument, and be you as high-minded as you please.

One complaining to his Friend, of his Wife (who was an Irishwoman) told him she was the greatest Termagant, and had the most poisonous Tongue, that ever poor Man was plagu'd with. Why! says his Friend, I thought no venomous Thing was ever produced in that Country; very true, says the other, she might be well enough whilst she remain'd there; but now she has got the Poison of forty Toads in her.

A Welchman

A Welshman, newly arrived in London, walking thro' one of the Streets where were a number of Cooks Shops, and Dinners were getting ready, a very savory Smell saluted his Nostrils; which made Taffee (who was very poor and hungry) stop a Stranger (as he was passing) to ask him what Places they were? Why! Sir, says the Man, 'tis an Eating House, where you may have a good Plate of Meat for a Trifle: Cot pless hur, says Taffee, it is the ferry Thing hur wanted; so away he goes in, and staring about him some time, at last the Cook comes to him, and ask'd him what he wanted? what hur please, says Taffee; sit you down Sir, says the Cook; so he cut him a Plate of Meat, and ask'd him what he wou'd drink, what hur please (again says Taffee) he then brought him a Pint of Porter; the Welshman soon made an end of both, when coming up to the Cook—Cot pless hur! hur thank hur kindly, hur has got a goot Tinner as ever hur got in hur Life. O Sir, says the Cook, you are very welcome. Why! Cot pless hur for that too, says Taffee, hur will come and see hur again very soon, and was going out; but the Cook pulls him back by the Coat Sleeve, and told him he had forgot to Pay. Forgot to Pay! why tid not hur say, just how, hur was welcome? Oh, says he, that's a word of course I use to every one, nevertheless they Pay: Cots plut, says he, hur tid not know that, hur has got no Money now, hur will pay hur when hur comes again. D—n you, get out of the House, says the Cook, what must such Scrubs as you come here for, and so kicks the poor Cambrian out of Doors. Taffee had got his Belly full, and thought a Kick very cheap Pay; he had not gone far from the Door, before he met a Countryman of his much in the same Condition as him self; after the usual Salutations, he beg'd Taffee to tell him where he might get a good Dinner, for he had eat nothing for two Days: Taffee points to the Cook's Shop, and bid him go there, and he wou'd have what he desir'd; away he goes full of Thanks to his Countryman for his Kindness. After standing in the House some time, the Cook comes and put the same
Question

Question to him as before ; what hur please, says he :
 Oh ! d—mn you, cries the Cook, is what hur please come
 again ; so he takes down the Dog-whip and fell a thresh-
 ing the poor Welshman out of the House and half way
 up the Street, here's what hur please for you, you Dog,
 you shall have your Belly full : The Welshman soon o-
 vertook his Countryman, when he begun a spluttering
 at him with all the Rage imaginable—You tam Villain,
 tam Tog you, send hur there to make Game of hur,—
 hur has a goot mind to knog hur Coxcomb flat upon hur
 Shoulders. Why ! says the other, what is the Matter ?
 what does her mean to apuse hur Friend after this Man-
 ner. did not hur get hur Tinner then ? Oh ! tam hur
 Tinner, cries the other, does hur not tell hur was beat
 like a Tog out of the House up Street. Then hur got
 no Tinner at all, did hur ? No, hur tell hur had hur
 Pelly and Back full of Whipping. Oh ! you tam Fool,
 tam Fool, says Taffee, hur got hur Tinner first, was
 kick'd out after. *PROBATUM EST.*

E P I G R A M.

In Falstaff, none doth Quin excel,
 Nor Barry, in Othello :
 Garrick does Dick the Third so well,
 By Jove, there's not his Fellow.

An A C R O S T I C.

Great Minds, great Means, are too great Things ;
 Riches, 'tis said, have broad-spread Wings :
 Envy, therefore, no Man's Condition ;
 Great Men have often great Ambition :
 Only a blest contented State,
 Resists the angry Frowns of Fate ;
 Instils the Mind with perfect Bliss,
 And leaves Mankind no greater Wish ;
 No Cares can then his Heart surprize,
 Secure he lives, secure he dies.

The

The W I S H.

" I often wish'd, that I had clear,
 " For Life, Six Hundred Pounds a Year;
 " A handsome House, to lodge a Friend,
 " A River, at my Garden's End;
 " A Terras Walk, and half a Rood
 " Of Land, set out, to plant a Wood."

So much for SWIFT—but now, for me,
 I shou'd be well content with Three:
 Let th' House be strong, ne'er mind the Look,
 And for a River, a small Brook;
 But let it be well stock'd with Fish,
 And I have all my Heart can wish.

The Curate of a certain Country Village, took Notice of an old Woman (who had been many Years in the Parish) that she never came to Church—He sent her Word, by the Clerk, " That he would Excommunicate her, if she did not come." The old Woman was sadly frightned at the Word Excommunication, and ask'd the Clerk what it meant?—He told her the terrible Consequence of it, if she did not obey the Parson's Summons; she accordingly determined to go the next Sunday—When the Day came, she made herself as clean as she could, but as the Church was at some Distance (and she not hearing the Bells) had over-stay'd the Time considerably, and did not enter the Church till they had got to the latter End of the LITTANY, when hearing the Congregation repeat—Lord have Mercy upon us—" Lord have Mercy upon us! says she (thinking they had said so in Surprize to see her there) what the Plague did you never see an old Woman at Church before?" So tuck'd up her Apron, and went Home again in a Huff.

A Farmer of Substance, whose Name was Brat, had a great Number of his Sheep stole, and never could find

find out the Rogues; but they, tired of robbing one Man so long, and fearing he might discover them at last, wrote the following Letter, and sent him :

Good Master Brat,
Your Sheep were fat,
Thank You for that :
If you look in the Wins,
You'll find their Skins,
And all their Fat ;
Thank Us for that.

Two young Tradesmen in a Corporation, being made Constables, discoursing together, I fancy, says one, we shall be made Overseers of the Poor, when we are out of this Office : I'm afraid, says the other, that instead of being Overseers of the Poor, we shall be very poor Overseers. PROBATUM EST.

E P I T A P H.

Under this Turf, and under this Stone,
Lies Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone :
We together were born, together were marry'd ;
Together we liv'd, we dy'd, and were bury'd.

S T A N Z A's.

When Thomas F—h—r kept the Star,
It was a noted Inn,
And Trav'lers coming from afar,
Took up their Rest therein.
Time, who to all Things puts an End,
Of F—h—r made a Slaughter :
When Fate to keep this Inn ordain'd,
His Son-in-Law, and Daughter.
Awhile They bore Imperial Sway,
And strutted very bold :

B

But

But what does the old Proverb say ?
—All Glitter is not Gold.

These two were soon knock'd up I ken,
Aye, that was very odd :
And pray, who kept the Star Inn then ?
His Name was M—th—w T—d.

But Time doth change like bottled Beer,
That's poured through a Tunnel ;
So M—th—w T—d is gone from here,
And now it's Johnny D—h—n.

E P I G R A M.

Nature a Thousand Ways complains,
A Thousand Words express her Pains ;
But Laughter has no more than three,
And they are only Ha, ha, he.

E P I G R A M.

My Heart's full of Sorrow, with Grief I'm tormented,
My Pocket is brim-ful of — nought ;
Yet, perhaps, To-morrow I may be contented,
And my Head is brim-ful of the Thought.

A courageous Foot Soldier, in a Battle (where the Cavalry and the Infantry were equally intermixed) used to run behind one of the Horses every time the Enemy fired : This he practised two or three times with Success ; but the Trooper who rid the Horse observing his Pusillanimity, was determined to spoil his Stratagem—Knowing his Horse to be very ticklish, the next time the Foot Soldier run behind him, he touch'd him in a certain Part ; the Horse immediately up with his Hind-Legs, and struck the Soldier backwards, who was some time in recovering himself—D——n my B——d, says he, this is out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

Two young Fellows in Company together, being very merry and frolicksome, one vapouring with his stick, chanc'd to hit the other over the Ridge of his Nose, and broke it, so that the Blood run down his Face plentifully—No Offence, says he—No, says the other, may be so, but there's a deal of Mischief though.

Two married Men meeting, one ask'd the other how his good Wife did? My Wife's in Health, says he, but her Goodness is past Recovery—Pray how does yours do? Oh! says he, worse than your own, for she's neither good Health, nor good Temper.

A C R O S T I C.

Words are too mean, thy glorious Deeds to tell,
On Lawrence Banks, how truly brave thou fell;
Life, like to thine, no Man e'er lost so well:
From thy bold Hand, France found her greatest Check,
Increased Ruin in her lost Quebec.

E P I T A P H.

Under this Stone lies Catherine Gray,
Chang'd from a busy Life, to lifeless Clay:
By Earth, and Clay, she got her Pelf,
And now she's turn'd to Earth herself.
Ye weeping Friends, let me advise,
'T' abate your Grief, and dry your Eyes;
For what avails a Flood of Tears?
Who knows but, in a Run of Years,
In some tall Pitcher, or broad Pan,
She in her Shop may be again.

S O N G. The BLIND BOY.

Tho' Darknes still attends me,
It aids eternal Sight,
And from such Friends defends me,
As blush to see the Light.

No Villain's Smiles deceive me,
 No gilded Fop offends ;
 No weeping Object grieves me,
 Kind Darkneſs me befriends.

Then hence all uſeleſs Wailings,
 I know no Reaſon why ;
 Mankind, to their own Failings,
 Are all as blind as I.

Who gilded Vice deſires,
 Is blind, what e'er he thinks ;
 Who Virtue not admires,
 Is either blind, or winks.

A Barber having a Couple of Apprentices, whom he was ſometimes churliſh to, one Day when his Back was turn'd (being both arch Boys) they took each of them a Stick, and fell a beating the wooden Blocks in the Shop ; and every now and then they cry'd, there's a Knock for you on that Side, you ſurly Whelp you——and there's a Knock for you on the other Side, you churliſh block-headed Son of a B—ch——The Maſter, in the Interim, came unperceived into the Shop ; and, giving them both a hearty Rap upon their Crowns, laid them ſprawling upon the Floor—ſaying, there's a Knock for you on both Sides, you impudent ſaucy Rascals you, to ſee which Block is hardeſt.

Some People talking about ſome Soldiers that were coming into Town, one ſaid, he underſtood there was Threeſcore to come in : Nay, reply'd another, I hear there is only Sixty to come. PROBATUM EST.

A hungry Iriſhman, with but one poor Penny in his Pocket, was wandering through the Streets of London, ſaw theſe Words upon a Barber's Sign—Cut Hair for a Penny—Arrah, by Chreeſht, ſays he, but I will ſee what Sort of a Cut he will give me now ; ſo in he goes, and deſired the Tonſer to give him as good a Cut as he could

could afford for the Money. The Barber desired him to sit down, and was going to put the Cloth before him—Arrah, says Teague, I don't want a Bib, I can eat my Victuals without very well. Oh, but, Sir, it may chance to spoil your Cloaths: Then, with a pretty large Piece of Soap, he was making a Lather; but using cold Water, he recollected, and ask'd Teague, if he would chuse the Water warm? I don't care how hot the Shoop is, Joy, says he; so the Barber goes into the Kitchen to warm some—In the mean Time the Irishman, being sharp set, began a licking the Lather he had left in the Bason, and had sup'd it all up, and eat part of the Lump of Soap, before the Barber return'd; who seeing what he had done, in great Surprize, ask'd him, what he meant? By my Shoul, says Teague, I will come here no more, Joy, for your Shoop is not half strong enough, nor your Potatoe is not half boil'd; you shall have no more of my Custom, and so threw down his Penny, and out he went. PROBATUM EST.

An ACROSTIC upon Mr. WILLIAM

H e's first an excellent Musician,
 E rgo, a great Metaphysician;
 R easons right well by Pro or Con,
 S ame Thing can make, or off, or on:
 C omposes, scribbles, fiddles, pipes,
 H e's seldom Head-Ach, never Gripes,
 E ats Beef, and Pudding, Veal, and Tripes:
 L ikes Study, to enrich his Mind,
 L oves Books, enough to make him blind.

An A C R O S T I C upon Mr.

W it and Wisdom are two different Things,
 A s opposite as Subjects are to Kings :
 I n Repartee all witty Men excel,
 N ow Wisdom chiefly lies in doing well.
 W hether, or no, this Doctrine's false or true,
 R eason wou'd soon convince both me and you
 I n Solomon the Definition lies,
 G o to the Ant, thou Sluggard, and be wise :
 H ere the good Preacher brings it to the Test,
 T hat Wit is good, but Wisdom is the best.

S T A N Z A 's.

How craving is the Mind of Man !
 How hard are we to please !
 We grasp, and covet all we can,
 Yet never are at Ease.

Suppose one telling of a Tale,
 Shou'd end i'th' middle Part ;
 The Catastrophe unreveal'd,
 His Tale's not worth a F—t.

Comparisons are often wrong,
 But here they're apropos ;
 The more I think, th' more I read,
 Th' more I want to know.

I ought to sit contentedly,
 Rejoice for what I've had ;
 For too much Knowledge frequently
 Will make a Man go mad.

The Wife of a young married Man, being brought
 to Bed of a very small Child, and he having a little be-
 fore a Bastard laid to him that was one of the largest, a
 Neighbour of his, to jeer him (who himself had been
 married about five Years without Issue) told him, he
 had done better to his Miss, than to his Wife, for the
 last

last was but a Pigmy. True, says he, but had it been no bigger than a Pin's Head, 'tis not so great a Reproach, as having none at all.

Another having been married some Years, and no Fruit of his Labour appearing, told his Wife, he was afraid the Land was barren : Nay, says she, the Land's well enough, but thou hast got no Seed to sow with.

Johnson, the Irishman, famous for his Performances on Horses, being asked by a Nobleman, by what Means he attained to his Dexterity ? He answered, Arrah, by Jasus now but it came naturally, for I practised eleven Years.

The Box, belonging to a Society of Tradesmen, being broke open by one of the Members, and most of the Money taken out ; when one of the Stewards was acquainted with it, he told the Person who informed him, He was sure it could not possibly be done, for he had the Key in his Pocket.

One having put on an old great Coat in the Middle of Summer, a Friend of his asked him, whether he was well or no, that he covered himself so warm in such hot Weather ; I am very well myself, says he, but my other Coat is greatly out of Order.

Some Gentlemen being in Company together, the Discourse turned upon Women ; one asked another, whether he thought Women had Souls or no ; to which he reply'd, he hoped so, or else all that had to do with them deserved hanging for committing Beastiality.

A Friend of mine one Evening in the Upper-Gallery of Drury-Lane Theatre, (when the Play of Henry the Eighth was performing) happened to sit betwixt a broken Taylor, and a Bumkin of a Servant, belonging to a Country Family just come to Town ; when the Ceremony

mony of the Coronation came on, which was very Magnificent, in respect to the Dresses, the Taylor observed, That he believed very few of the Cloaths were paid for; the Bumkin being asked how he liked the Play (being the first he had ever seen) answered, It was all very fine indeed, but, in his Opinion, nothing came up to the Ingenuity of Snuffing the Candles.

A certain Highland Lord, who was notorious for his ill Life, and Breach of Promises, used commonly after any bad Action, to down on his Knees and pray for Pardon, with Vows of Amendment for the future: A Servant of his, named Sawney (to whom he had often promised great Things, but never performed any) chancing to hear him one Night at his accustomed Devotions, after he had committed some heinous Fault (when his Master had done) he cries out aloud, Gude God! gude God, donna believe him, for I ken him much better than thou dost.

A young Fellow, being at an Auction of Books, was ask'd by an Acquaintance, what Books he had bought, he told him none; the other chid him for coming to fill and crowd the Room; he smartly reply'd, he came to Laugh at such Fools as himself, who bought Books they did not understand.

Another of his Acquaintance being in the Room, was boasting how cheap he had bought a new Book; 'tis false, reply'd he, (upon looking at it) you have only bought a new Binding, for the Book is older than your self, and as senseless. *PROBATUM EST.*

S O N G.

My Ladie of Clacknannon, my Ladie of Clacknannon,
He went to the Wars,
Was cover'd with Scars,
And shot in the A——e with a Cannon.

The

The Cannons roar'd like Thunder, the Cannons, &c.

He said not a Word,
But drew out his Sword,
And fill'd them all with Wonder.

The Guns and the Bombs did rattle, the Guns, &c.

So, void of all Fear,
He brought up the Rear,
And run away from the Battle.

The Enemy was afraid O, the Enemy, &c.

Much Blood had been spill'd,
They all had been kill'd,
If my Ladie had but stay'd O.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE to Capt. P——R.

I beg you Pardon, for my Boldness,
And hope you'll not treat me with Coldness,
Nor disregard my poor Request,
But set my craving Heart at Rest;
And freely, and with Pleasure grant,
The little Favour that I want:
An old Acquaintance lives at London,
Who, by Misfortune's almost undone,
Who wants Philosophy to bear
The Evils that attend us here;
And of Relief wou'd be desponding,
Did not his Friends keep corresponding,
And now and then, with sage Advice,
And solid Maxims of the Wise,
Revive his Heart, and rouse his Spirit,
Encourage him, like Man, to bear it.
But whither am I running too!
And what the Plague's all this to you?
I ought not thus to tell my Story,
But quickly lay the Case before ye:
In short, Sir, as I said before,
This Friend of mine is very poor,
To whom I now wou'd write a Letter
Of good Advice, to make him better,

But

But wish to put him to no Cost,
Which might be done by paying Post,
But that is some Expence to me,
And I wou'd rather chuse it free;
If you will grant me my Request,
A grateful Heart is in my Breast,
For one of Col—— Sh——'s Franks,
I shall return a Thousand Thanks.

D U N N Y.

A puritanical Quaker having been too free with his Maid, had the Fruits of his Familiarity fathered upon him, and being brought before the Justice (a Neighbour of his) he began to lecture him, and told him, he was surpriz'd a Man of his Principles and Religion, should be guilty of so enormous a Crime, which was shaming the whole Brotherhood—The Quaker, in his Defence, told him the Wench came to Bed to him unknown, and the Spirit being too powerful, he could not resist the Temptation. The Justice told him, he ought to have got out of Bed the Moment he perceiv'd her. Aye, quoth the Quaker, but would'st thou have done so, my Friend? *PROBATUM EST.*

In the Reign of King William the Third, one Griffith, a Welshman, Master of a Fishing-Boat, was taken by a French Privateer, who carried off his Sloop, and plundered him of all his Fishing-Tackle and Cargo, and removed him and his Crew (consisting only of another Man and Boy) on board the Privateer. In the Night-Time the French Watch fell asleep, not apprehending any Danger from their few Prisoners: However, Griffith keeping awake, and observing the Drowsiness of the Enemy, armed himself with a Hatchet, and his Man and Boy with Handspikes, then fasten'd down the Hatches on all the Crew below, and knock'd the Watch on the Head, before they were well awake, and threw them over-board, and brought the Privateer into one
of

of our own Ports. The King was so charm'd with the Boldness of the Action, that he sent for him up to Court, and gave him the Command of a Twenty Gun Ship, in which he behaved so well, that in Queen Anne's Time he commanded a Thirty Gun Ship; and being in one of the Ports of Leghorn, where a French Seventy Gun Man of War lay at Anchor: The two Captains fell accidentally in Company together; the French Captain boasting of his Master's Naval Force (though he acknowledged, in a general Engagement, the English were more than a Match for them) yet singly Ship to Ship, equal Burthen always prevailed, by their superior Number of Men. The bold Briton deny'd the latter Part of the Position; and, fir'd with Indignation, told him, if he should meet him at Sea, he would stake his little Ship against his large one. The Frenchman thinking him a Sort of British Gascon, who had more Courage than Wit, told him he would follow him to Sea, when the neutral Hours were expired, if he pleased: The gallant Welshman took him at his Word, and sail'd away, leaving Monsieur exulting in his Finesse, and joking through the Town of his Rashness, telling his Acquaintance, he would bring the English Ship in Tow the next Day. Accordingly he went, and found Capt. Griffith waiting for him at the Place appointed, where he was welcom'd with a Broadside pour'd into him, and after that another, before he was ready to return the first. The Event of the Engagement was (after a long and hot Dispute) the Frenchman was oblig'd to strike, and was carried back to Leghorn in Triumph, to the great Amazement, as well as Diversion, of the whole Town. Griffith sent Word of his Success to the Admiralty, in a Letter more laconic than elegant, address'd to their Honours, and Glories, at the Admiralty: It gave as much Diversion to the Board, as the Relation of the Rise, Progress, and Event of the bold Action, by the Hand of our Consul at that Place, did Astonishment and Wonder. The Royal Acknowledgment was sent him, and he was ordered home with his Prize.

Prize. Upon his Arrival, he was presented with the Queen's Pardon in Form, which he would have thrown at the Messenger's Head, if his Officers, and some Gentlemen by, had not interposed; nor could he be made sensible, that he was guilty of High Treason, in wantonly risking the Queen's Ship; swearing a great Oath, that he saw no Treason in taking an Enemy more than double his Force; and nothing could have mollify'd him, but that he found he was to command his own Prize; but he insisted upon having his brave Boys, to a Man, along with him.

The Fates to Bourbon Laurels give,
Nor George's Rival Fame forget;
George still a Conqueror in the Field,
Bourbon as oft in the Gazette.

What Monarch's Fame wou'd shine so bright,
A fairer Lustre round diffuse,
Were Louis Victor in the Fight,
Oft as he triumphs in the News?

S O N G, upon the taking PONDICHERRY.

Come, Britons rejoice,
With united Voice,
Upon this most glorious Occasion, brave Boys;
We'll drink and be merry,
With Sack and good Sherry,
With O derry down, and high down derry,
For Monsieur has lost his renown'd Pondicherry.

Come, let us all sing
In Praise of the King,
May each Mail that arrives such good News ever bring,
Then we will be merry, &c.

Our brave Colonel Coote
Put 'em all t'th' Rout,
With his gallant Europeans, and Seapoys to boot,
Then let us be merry, &c.

Their

There great Monsieur Lally,
Once made a fierce Sally, [rally,
But his Troops were beat back, whom he never could
Then we will be merry, &c.

Senegal and Goree,
Arcot and Buffy,
Those famous rich Frenchmen, are taken you see,
Then we will be merry, &c.

Their Provisions grew short,
Made them look a-la mort,
So, without any Terms, they surrendered the Fort,
Then we will be merry, &c.

Our bold Sons of Thunder
Found good Store of Plunder, [under,
When they took this strong Place, above Ground and
Then let us be merry, &c.

The French did it reckon,
Before it was taken,
The best Place they had, for their salt Beef and Bacon,
Then we will be merry, &c.

Like the Fox and the Grapes,
Now those sly Jack-a-napes,
They wou'd needs prepossess us, 'tis bad in all Shapes,
But we will be merry
With Sack, and with Sherry,
With O derry down, and high down derry,
Since Monsieur has lost his renown'd Pondicherry.

A Fellow who was well known for his bad Character,
having bought some Goods in a Tradesman's Shop, in
paying for them laid down a bad Piece of Money, which
the Tradesman did not discover till he was gone, when
running after him, he bauls out, honest Man, honest
Man (as he run along) a Person stop'd him, who knew
the Fellow he call'd after, and bid him call him Knave,
and then he wou'd hear him; for, says he, he's far
from being an honest Man, I can assure you.

C

A Gen-

A Gentleman in the North of England, a notable Hunter, had the Misfortune of having a Thorn struck into one of his Eyes, which in time depriv'd him of the Sight of both; notwithstanding which he frequently went a Hunting (having a trusty Horse) following the Hounds by their Cry: An Acquaintance of his (who had the Misfortune of being very deaf, and a great Lover of the Chase) being one time in Company with him (after the Dogs in full Cry) thought to put a Joke upon him, Look you, says he, how the Hounds run over yonder Plain there, don't you see them? Oh! reply'd the blind Gentleman, they make most melodious Music, the Sound is ravishing, don't you hear them?

A Country Fellow being employ'd to carry the Statue of Queen Elizabeth in his Cart to St. Dunstan's (when it was taken from Ludgate) the Statue lying with the Face upwards, and he eying of it, cry'd. Odsbobs! but Ife a good Mind to have a Kiss; when stooping down to salute it, he found some Dust on the Face: Odsbud! but Ife wipe it clean first thof; which having done, he again attempted; but recollecting, Odsbud! but let us shew Manners thof, when pulling his Hat off he gave the Statue a hearty Smack; upon which exulting, he cries, Odsbud! but I never kiss'd a Queen in my Life before.

S O N G.

I am thoughtful and dull, quite restless in Mind,
My Heart is your Captive, by Cupid confin'd;
'Tis you are the Author, and Source of my Pain,
Yet treat me with hatred, and cruel disdain.

Tho' always Complaining, I never find Ease,
Since you're so disdain'g, my Sorrows increase;
Oh! hear me with Pity, and grant my Request,
Change Hearts with poor Strephon, and he shall be blest.

Oh, why must I languish, with Torment and Pain!
Come cure my sad Anguish, your Anger restrain;

No

No longer be coy, but return me your Heart,
Then Strephon, and Cloe, will never more part.

From Torment and Pain, to true Pleasure I rise,
No longer Disdain is in Cloe's fair Eyes,
But happy and gaily together we'll rove,
And Strephon, and Cloe for ever will love.

S O N G.

Dear Liberty I long did prize,
Love ne'er my Heart betray'd,
But now, thro' charming Cloe's Eyes,
A Captive I am made.

I knew her long, before my Heart
To love her was inclin'd ;
'Twas not her Beauties caus'd th' Smart,
No—'twas her charming Mind.

There ev'ry Virtue reigns supreme,
Good-nature fills her Breast ;
She's ev'ry Charm, to an Extream,
To make a Mortal blest.

Too long I dally'd with my Flame,
I thought my Heart was Steel ;
But now, no Torments Man can name,
Compares with what I feel.

The Fly a Simile doth bring,
Who round the Candle flies,
Then comes too near, and burns his Wing,
And falls, no more to rise.

Colonel Grey, in the Camp in Germany, being merry with some other Officers (over a Bowl of Punch) in his Tent, the Enemy, to disturb their Mirth, kept firing their Cannon—A Ball came into the Tent, and shot off one of the Officer's Heads, whose Brains flew about the Tent, and upon the other Officers—As he always had the Character of a thick Head, one of them express'd his Surprise, that so dull a Fellow, should have such a large Quantity of Brains.

COPY of a LETTER from DUBLIN, upon the Landing at CARRICKFERGUS under Monsieur THUROT.

Arrah, Paddy! Did you ever seee the like, Joy?—They are all in a Hubbub in the North—Three Hundred French Shabaroons are landed at Belwhast and Carrickwergus, and are going to bring both these two Places to France with them; for my Part, by my Conscience, I am glad on't—I wish they wou'd be after for coming up to Dublin, and drive away all the Bullocks, Sheep, Horses, and Ashes, about the Cashel. Fy did they not send Lobsters there to hinder these French Sons of Whores from Landing?—Arrah, they knew if they landed any where, it must be shom where, and why not at Carrickwergus, or Belwhast, sooner than at Athlone?—The Divil a Thing was there to fear at Athlone, because you know it is in the Middle of the Kingdom, and yet it's full of Lobsters—Where the Divil is Commodore Boys all this Time?—By Chreest his Ships have fell lame upon the Road! Arrah, what do you think Shelah Ma Garth says? Fy the Divil burn me but she says, if the Lord's Graush the Lieutenant will give her a Commission, she'll march with Three Hundred Spinners of the Comb, and piss the French Rascallions into the Sea again—But somebody has got the Gripes, and so there's two or three Regiments of Horse gone to shut the Stable Door, fen the Steeds are stolen; but never mind 'em, my Joy, they'll never come this Way, for as long as there's
a Fau-

a Fauchion left in the Liberty, we will never be afraid of a Monsieur — Arrah, now, where's the Iniskil-liners, and Derry-Men? — Fasht asleep, by my Shoul! — O Paddy! n Troth, I'm asham'd upon it! Who the Divil wou'd have thought that we shou'd have been bullied by such a Handful of Raggamuffions? Faith, not I! — If they had landed in Scotland, and drove every Thing before 'em, I wou'd not have wondred, but in Irelandsh! — The Divil burn me, but I will go into Englandsh, and deny my own Country! Dear Paddy, good by — Remember me to all Friends that asks for me — But not a Word of Thurot.

Yours, &c.

LAUGHLIN BRYNE.

S O N G.

You are adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
So blooming is each lovely Feature,
That, 'till my Eyes beheld your Face,
I never saw so fair a Creature.

I scorn all Platt'ry and Deceit,
And really think the Thing I'm speaking;
By Falshood I've no Views compleat,
Altho' my very Heart be breaking.

Sincerity and Truth I love,
In all Affairs 'twixt Man and Woman;
'Tis Int'rest now that all approve,
And gen'rous Lovers are uncommon.

I'm yet a Stranger to your Name,
Tho' that's a Thing I shall not matter;
Might I but your Affections claim,
My honest Heart shou'd never flatter.

If equal to your Form's your Mind,
'Twill rivet my Affections stronger;
If, as you're fair, you are but kind,
I'll love you whilst I live, and longer.

E P I T A P H, intended for a TOMB-STONE.

Under this Stone, and under this Church,
Lies the Remains of old Serjeant Birch;
He serv'd King and Country twenty-six Years,
Death put an End to his Cares and his Fears:
By those who his Mem'ry truly affected,
All Brothers i'th' Core, this Stone was erected.

An honest Countryman and his Wife, having been to a Market about three Miles from Home, got both of 'em pretty much in Liquor before they left the Town; being on Horse-Back, and having a pretty large Water to cross, though not very deep, the old Woman unluckily tumbled off, and the Horse making a great Spashing, the Husband did not hear her fall, not ever miss'd her, till he got Home; when calling his Son, Robin, Robin, come and take thy Mother down: I'm coming, Father, says Robin; when, opening the Door, and not seeing her, where is she, Father?—says he—Why! what art blind?—crys the old Man—Noa, noa, says Robin, I an't—Upon this the old Fellow looks behind—Od's Heart, Robin! 'an she be not here, she's sure enough fallen into Mitterton Dike!—Get off, Father, says Robin, and I'll go see for her, the Moon shining very bright. When he came to the Place, he 'spies his Mother sitting on her Arse up to the Waist in Water, making a dismal Moan—Mother, says Robin, come out, what a Plague are you doing there? — Oh, Robin! Robin! is that thee? Prithee go and cut me a Slice o' yon Cheshire Cheese (pointing to the Moon) and get me another Quart of warm Liquor to comfort my Guts, for I'm woefully grip'd—Liquor! quoth Robin; 'Sblead, I think you've enough of all Conscience, both Inside and Out. Upon which he wades up to her, and dragg'd her out, and with much ado got her Home; and helping her up Stairs to Bed (where the old Man was gone before) he left her to get into Bed as well as she could; which she did

did with her Head to the Feet of the Bed, and her Posteriors close to the old Man's Face, who had but just fallen a-sleep — As the cold Water, and what she had drank, fill'd her with Wind, she soon after let a Rouser just under his Nose; and presently after another: This disturbing the old Man — Wife, says he, lig farther off, or else lie gi' thee a Dowse o'th' Chops — As he spoke, comes another; upon which, lifting up his Fist, and striking full upon her Bum-Hole, she discharg'd a whole Cargo of Contents against him — Oh! Woe be to thee, says he, thou drunken B—ch! How thou spews! PROBATUM EST.

E N I G M A.

My Owner was a King in Realms above,
And grasp'd the Thunder of Immortal Jove;
Cou'd face th' Sun in his Meridian Blaze,
And on the Fierceness of his Splendor gaze;
Mount far above the rest of all his Kind,
And leave this sublunary World behind:
But Fate o'er-rul'd him in an evil Hour,
By cunning Arts of Men he lost his Pow'r;
Long Time a Captive dragg'd his hateful Chains,
Till Death, at length, reliev'd him from his Pains:
No sooner did my Royal Owner die,
Than cruelly they tore me from his Thigh:
In vain did I lament my wretched Fate,
On me they wreak'd their Vengeance, and their Hate;
With various Tortures gave me great Abuse,
Resolv'd to bring my stubborn Form to Use:
At length o'er-come, I'm valu'd as a Treasure,
To Bacchus consecrated, and to Pleasure:
Upon my Head is fix'd the spacious Cup,
Encircled gay, with Silver round the Top;
Where oft brimful the sparkling Liquor's found,
And loyal Toasts, and hearty Healths go round
The merry Toper views me with Delight,
And I'm the chief Companion of the Night:

Ye

Ye sage Ænigmatists my Name explore,
Tell what I am, by what I was before.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies entomb'd within this Earth,
As vile a Wretch as e'er had Birth;
Who, tho' possess'd of Riches store,
Unhappy, always crav'd for more:
His proper Food, himself deny'd,
With Plenty round him, starv'd, and dy'd.

Some People mar a good Tale in the telling, which was the Case of a certain Gentleman, of no very bright Intellects; being in Company, where one of the Persons was telling what Luck he had the Night before at Cards; saying, he had won more than the King, for he won six Shillings, and the King but a Crown, which caused some Laughter amongst them. The next Day the half-witted Gentleman, meeting some of his Acquaintance, said he, I'll tell you a very good Thing that Mr. ——— said last Night. You must know he had been playing at Cards, and was telling us what Luck he had, that he had won more than the King; and, being desir'd to explain—Why, says he, I've won six Shillings, and the King only five. The Half-Wit, after telling the Story so admirably, seeing a great deal of Gravity dwell upon the Countenances of his Acquaintance; told 'em, he was surpriz'd they did not laugh—Laugh! says one of them, what the Devil shou'd we laugh at?—Zounds, says he, tho' you look so grave, all the Company, as well as myself, laughed very heartily at it last Night, and thought it a very smart Thing.

Two old Topping Friends meeting, one ask'd the other to give him a Quid of Tobacco, which he readily comply'd with: The other, whilst he was opening his Box, threw away his old Chew; which he perceiving, very
gravely

gravely puts up his Box again—The other asking him what he meant by that? Why, says he, it is for a Warning to thee; never throw thy old Chew away again, before thou art sure of a fresh one.

The Princess of Nassau Wielburg having a Dwarf upon her Lap, said, Are you not sorry you are not taller? No, reply'd he, if I was, I should not have the Honour to sit upon your Ladyship's Knee.

ON a PSEUDO AUCTIONEER.

Come hither, Stoic, sage and grave,
To melancholy Thoughts a Slave;
On whose black Brows, as on a Throne,
Triumphant sits the surly Frown;
Reigning sole Monarch of the Place,
Driving all Pleasure from thy Face,
Whom killing Grievs and Cares perplex,
And ev'ry Ill that Man can vex:
Be thou like him that always wept,
Both when he wak'd, and when he slept:
Come here—I'll shew thee such a Sight,
Shall make thee smile in Anger's Spight;
(Like Eastern Magi, from afar)
Follow the Guidance of the Star;
There enter, without Fear of Danger,
But look for nothing in a Manger;
Up Stairs, upon thy Right Hand steer,
And thou shalt find an Auctioneer,
The like of whom, without a Joke,
I'th' bawling Rostrum never spoke:
Lamb, Langford, and the bell'ring Tribe,
Such Strength of Lungs cou'd ne'er imbibe.
But then, to view each diff'rent Feature,
Put on by this surprizing Creature,
Wou'd make a Widow smile in Mourning,
And Priam laugh, while Troy was burning; [ing,
Wou'd make French Crim'nels leave their Squeak-
And smile, tho' ev'ry Bone was breaking,

To

To see him frown, and stare, and gape,
 And grin, and chatter, like an Ape,
 And play more Tricks than Madam's Monkey,
 Or Faustus, or old Friar Bungy ;
 Not Phillips, dancing Drunken Peasant,
 Cou'd ever shew a Phiz so pleasant :
 Cou'd'st thou see this, and hold thy Laughter,
 I'll Atheist turn, nor mind Hereafter.

A Citizen of London asking a North Briton, why the Magistrates of Edinburgh gave Orders for their Dogs to be ty'd up for thirty Days only, when those of London ordered them for two Months—Be me Saul, Mon, I cannot tell, says Sawny, unless our People are more feulish, or not half so freeten'd, as the gude Folks at London.

A Welshman observing a large Callabash upon a Fruiterer's Stall, ask'd him, what it was?—Why, says he (knowing what Countryman he was by his Brogue) it is a Mare's Egg. Cots splut! says Taffee, and will hur have a Foal? Yes, says the Man. Cot pless hur? What will hur take for it? Why, you shall have it for ten Shillings. The Welshman draws out his Purse, and laid him down the Money, took up the Callabash, and away he marches with it, to the great Pleasure of the Fruiterer. As he was upon the Road, going down a pretty steep Hill, he chanc'd to let it slip from under his Arm, and down it roll'd towards the Bottom, and Taffee after it; a Thorn-Bush put a Stop to its Velocity, out of which there started a Hare: Away runs Puffs, which the Welshman seeing, and several People coming over the Plain below, he calls out to them, Stop hur Colt, stop hur Colt, good People, stop hur Colt. PROB-
 TUM EST.

An Irishman met a Countryman of his in Hyde Park, who was weeping bitterly. Arrah, says he, Patrick, what's

what's the Matter with you now ? Upon my Shoul, says the other, but I have got a Letter from my Friends, that my Father ish dead two Years shinch, Joy. Oh ! by Christ, says Teague, and did not he send thee Word himself now, Honny ? No, says the other, Aboo, but he was a great Scoundrel now ; and if my own Fathers was to die, and not let me know, by Shant Patrick, but I wou'd never be after for fretting at all about him, Joy, Dee'l tauk me if I wou'd.

S O N G.

Adieu, dear Cloe, we must part,
Thy Charms have lost their Pow'r,
Which held so fast my Captiv'd Heart,
Until this fatal Hour.

Had you not thus my Love abus'd,
And us'd my Heart so ill,
Your Cruelty I had excus'd,
And wou'd have lov'd you still.

But now my Soul disdains thy Sway,
And scorns thy Charms and thee,
To which each flutt'ring Coxcomb may
Pretend as well as me.

Think in what perfect Bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before your Fall ;
But now, alas ! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Revolving on each happy Hour,
Which I with you have spent,
So robs my Rage of all its Pow'r,
That I almost relent.

But Pride no more will let me bow,
No more your Charms can move ;
Yet you are worth my Pity now,
Because you had my Love.

E P I-

E P I T A P H.

Under this Stone, my Wife doth lie,
Now she's at Peace, and so am I.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken at a private Exhibition of the FAIR PENITENT.

If a sad Tale can draw the pitting Sigh,
Or suffering Virtue melt the tender Eye;
If deep Distress can move the generous Mind,
Or Love, ill-fated, your Compassion find;
Well may we hope our fair Attempt may take,
More for the Poet, than the Players Sake:
You carping Critics, who like Vultures come,
Before a Battle, to pronounce our Doom:
For once, indulge Good-nature, nor complain
At many Faults, since Faults must fill our Scene.
No Quins, nor Garricks, tread our humble Stage,
To paint Lothario's, or Horatio's Rage;
No beauteous Cibber, in melodious Woe,
To make the lost Calista's Sorrows flow;
But young Performers, unexpert and new,
May tire your Patience, and your Goodness too.
—Ladies, to you, we first ourselves address;
If you applaud, the Men can do no less:
Your Favour grant, lend an attentive Ear,
And let Compassion curb the haughty Sneer:
All we desire in this our present Cause,
Is your Indulgence, and your kind Applause.

An honest Irishman walking softly along the Road, a vicious Bull, in an adjacent Close, came bellowing with his Horns partly over the Hedge, which made poor Teague to start—Arrah, be my Shoul, Joy, there is very good Fence betwixt us, says he, or I cou'd never be after for parrying your two Swords.

A Par-

A Parson and his Clerk trudging on Foot to the Parish Church to christen a Child (which was about half a Mile from his House)—In their Way, a Hare starts through the Hedge, almost run down by the Dogs. The Clerk immediately takes her up; and, coming to the Parson, Oh, Sir, says he, we shall have a brave Dinner—I shall, says the Parson, and takes the Hare from him, and puts it behind him, under his Gown. Presently, up comes the Hunters, and the Clerk being some way behind his Master, they ask'd him, if he saw any Thing of the Hare? No, says he, but I fancy the Parson before can give you some Intelligence of her—Upon this, they rode up to the Parson, and put the same Question to him: He answered in the Negative; but one of them seeing some Blood drop from behind him (for he had cut her open) and shewing it to the rest, they fell to Horse-whipping him unmercifully, till he dropp'd the Hare, which they taking up, rode off laughing. The Clerk coming up to him—Oh! says the Parson, we have been sadly beaten!—You have, says the Clerk. *PROBATUM EST.*

A young Spark, who was very fond of Ham, coming to a Publick House, call'd for some Liquor, and desired the Landlord to sit and drink with him: After a while, casting his Eyes up to the Ceiling, he 'spies a very fine Ham hung up; when, stroaking his Beard (which was of above a Week's Growth) he says very gravely, I shall have you off in the Morning (meaning the Ham) Oh, yes, Sir, says the Host, we can send for the Barbar To-morrow, little thinking what the Spark meant, till he miss'd his Ham the next Day.

A North Briton, not taking good Heed as he went along, stumbled over a Stone, and broke his Forehead; Oy my Saul, says Sawny, he that wou'd save his Head, must look to his Feet. *PROBATUM EST.*

D

SONG

S O N G.

Tune——In Infancy our Hopes and Fears, &c.

Those who in Errors go astray,
Shou'd ne'er complain of Fate;
Repentance, good Divines do say,
Can never come too late.

If that I hated you, I said,
Indeed I then spoke wrong;
My very Eyes, my Love betray'd,
My Heart bely'd my Tongue.

I really lov'd you but too well
For my own Peace of Mind,
Since in each Charm you did excel
The rest of Womankind.

'Twas Fear that I shou'd anger you,
Made me deny my Flame;
For what I spoke, was all untrue,
I own it, to my Shame.

You tell me, I began too late,
Your Heart it is not free;
That you've already chose your Mate,
Ah! cruel News for me!

Had I ten Thousand Pounds in Gold,
I'd lay it at your Feet;
Was you in Rags, naked and cold,
I'd take you from the Street.

Could you preserve the charming Mind
That you do now possess,
No Ills attending Human Kind,
Could make me love you less.

Then, Cloe, on your Clemency,
I chiefly do depend;
I hope you're not my Enemy,
Yet wish you was my Friend.

Thus

Thus drowning Wretches, in Despair,
With all their Strength they strive,
And catch at ev'ry Twig that's near,
To save a wretched Life.

S O N G.

Come listen, all ye gallant Beaus,
Come listen to my Ditty ;
I am in Love, God Cupid knows,
Deeply in Love with Kitty.

In all the Places where I've been,
In Country, or the City,
The fairest Nymphs that I have seen,
Are all excell'd by Kitty.

If you shou'd search all Womankind,
'They've Faults, tho' ne'er so pretty ;
In vain your Search wou'd be, you'd find,
To find a Fault in Kitty.

Her Heart's to Gentleness inclin'd,
She others Woe can pity ;
A charming, sweet, angelic Mind,
Adorns my lovely Kitty.

At a Meeting of the Parliament in the late Prince of Wales's Time, a merry Fellow got a Basket of white Paper, cut into Quarter Sheets, and cry'd 'em about London, the Prince of Wales's Speech, the Prince of Wales's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, a Half-penny a-piece—come, who buys ? And thus he sold a great many in a Hurry—One more quick than the rest, seeing there was Nothing in the Paper, seiz'd him, and ask'd him the Meaning of it—Why, says the Fellow, he spoke Nothing. PROBATUM EST.

A witty snock-fac'd young Fellow, in a Country Market Town, disguised himself like a Lady of Pleasure, went to a House of bad Report, and got an Accomplice to give it out to some of the young Sparks of the Place: Accordingly Half a Dozen of them went together (consisting of Woollen-Drapers and Apothecaries Apprentices) the young Fellow conducted himself so demurely, and with so much Art, that tho' they had some Knowledge of him in his own Dress, they were perfectly deceived by him in this. After a little Chat, he agreed with them for two Shillings each, to take it by Turns; when having got the twelve Shillings before-hand, he threw off his Disguise, and laugh'd in their Faces (to the great Diversion of all who were in the Secret) and with a good Switch beat them all out of the House.

The young Duke of Burgundy, who long had languished under a severe Indisposition, which ended not but with his Life, being told by the Dauphiness, his Mother, that now the fine Weather was come, he should ride out to take the Air: Reply'd, Aye, Madam, but that will be to St. Dennis, the Place where all the Royal Family are interr'd.

Another Time, a Nobleman was telling him of the Distresses of an Officer of great Merit: Soon after, the Dauphiness coming to see him, he ask'd her for three Louis D'Ors; and got the like Sum from three of his Aunts each, and the King himself, as likewise the Dauphin; when, calling the Nobleman to him, here, says he, carry these to that brave Man, till I can do something better for him.

S O N G.

S O N G.

The blushing Morn salutes our Eyes,
 Haste, haste, ye charming Nymphs, arise;
 With Looks serene,
 Enhance the Scene,
 And trip it o'er the verdant Green.

See Nature in her Bloom arise,
 And no foul Mists obscure the Skies;
 In Mirth and Joy,
 The Time employ,
 Nor Spleen, nor Vapours, can annoy.

Hark how the Birds, on ev'ry Spray,
 Do usher in the rising Day;
 Then haste, ye Fair,
 And there repair,
 And with your Breath perfume the Air.

No longer then will you resort
 By Flambeaux Light to Midnight Sport,
 But with the Horn
 Salute the Morn,
 And hail the Day that's newly born.

S O N G.

Long in Happiness I dwelt,
 No Cares did e'er possess me;
 No disturbing Grievs I felt,
 Whilst Clœ fair carefs'd me:
 But lost's my Treasure,
 Fled is my Pleasure,
 And glaring Ills molest me.

For now that she is gone away,
 All's dismal, dark, and gloomy ;
 In Solitude I spend the Day,
 Because my Cloe's fro' me ;
 For lost's my Treasure,
 Fled is my Pleasure,
 And racking Thoughts undo me.

Where shall I go ? Where shall I fly ?
 Where shall I run to ease me ?
 On ev'ry Thing I cast my Eye,
 Serves but the more to teize me ;
 For lost's my Treasure,
 Fled is my Pleasure,
 And nothing now can please me.

A reverend Clergyman, at the Point of Death, sent for his Son (who was Apprentice to an Attorney) to come and make his Will. When he came, his Father bid him look over his Papers. which he did, when he found a Note for Fifty Pounds ; which, bringing to his Father, he ask'd him if he remembered it ; yes, says the Parson, very well, but the poor Man is dead ; he wou'd have paid me if he could, but he was poor and needy ; he is gone to Heaven, where he is blest'd and happy, so thou may throw it in the Fire : Nay, not so, says the Son, there's no Need of that. After further Search, he found another Bond for the same Sum ; when asking the Father the same Question, yes, says the Parson, I know it very well ; that Fellow could have paid me, and would not ; he was a Rogue, and is certainly d——d in Hell ; therefore thou may throw that in the Fire too : Nay, nay, says the Son, there is no Reason for that ; for I'll tell you what, Father, if you die, it is yet uncertain whether you will go to Heaven or Hell — The Bonds shall be put into the Coffin with you, and you will certainly get paid by one or the other.

The

The Hostler of a large Inn upon the London Road, courted the Chambermaid; one Night after she warm'd her Master's Bed, she went into the Chamber, as usual, to take away the Candle; being rather a little too soon, he was just stepping into Bed, and his Shirt behind being of the shortest, she saw something hang down betwixt his Thighs: She was greatly surprized at the Sight, not knowing what to make of them; she thereupon acquaints the Hostler with the Story, and desired him to tell her what they could be, he told her they call'd them Clackums: Upon this she desired to know where she cou'd buy a Pair; why, says he, thou cannot buy a Pair of good ones here, but thou may have them from twenty to thirty Shillings a Pair at London; Oh! John, says she, the next Time thou goes with the Waggon, (which he did every Fortnight) I beg thou will buy me a Pair of the best thou can get; which he promised he wou'd; when the Time came he was to go, she ran to her Box, took out thirty Shillings, and bid him be sure to buy them right good ones, and if they came to more Money, to lay it down for her, and she wou'd repay him when he came back. At the usual Time John comes back, which she no sooner heard of, then away she runs to him for her Clackums; it was Night, and he was rubbing down his Horses, he bid her stay till he had done, and she should have them; she waited a while with great Impatience, when she again requested them; the Hostler, in a seeming Huff, blew out the Candle, laid her down upon the Straw, and gave her what she wanted; she decared, she was very well satisfied with them, and did not grudge the Expence; but now John, says she, let me have them to keep in my Pocket, or else to lay by in my Box: The Hostler was at a Non-plus how to come off with her; but taking up a Stone, and going out of the Stable, he threw it into the Horse-pond, saying, there's thy Clackums for thee, thou unsatisfied Devil, go there and fetch them: She flew into a terrible Passion at this, and went directly to her Master to complain; the Master could not tell what to make of the

Story,

Story, nor what she meant ; but, at her desire, took a long Rake, and went with her to the Pond and fell a Dragging, for what she call'd her Clackums : A long Time he and she was at it, but to no purpose ; the Parson of the Parish coming into the Yard, and enquiring what they were about, being told, he desired the Landlord to lend him the Rake to try if he shou'd have better Luck ; he then began to rake away, having his Gown and Cassock on ; but being without his Breeches, (as he was stooping and raking) by Chance the End of the Rake caught hold of his Gown, and drew it up above his Posteriors ; the Maid being behind him, and 'spying all he had, immediately catching hold of his Codpiece, cries out, These are my Clackums ! these are my Clackums ! I'll take my Oath on't. *PROBATUM EST.*

A Methodist Preacher, well known in Great Britain, was holding forth in the Highlands of Scotland to a pretty considerable Audience, upon an old Tub, and some Boards like an old Roman Rostrum ; he, (as his Brethren usually do) chancing to depart from his Text, and his first Subject, in the height of his Vociferation, he enter'd upon a Discourse about the Colony of Georgia in America, quite foreign to the Purpose, or the Edification of his Hearers, which made them all March off by Degrees, and leave him to Rant by himself, and which he was so eager upon, that, he did not observe his Flock was dispers'd, 'till four or five arch Highland Boys got behind his Rostrum, and tumbled it and him to the Ground together ; which he took so heinously, that he complain'd to the next Magistrates of the Indignity he had suffered ; and insisted upon the Boys suffering corporeal Punishment for their wicked Behaviour, (as he term'd it.) The Boys were sent for, and in their Defence observed, they had done him a great Service, instead of a Prejudice ; for without letting him run the Hazards of the Sea, and other Accidents, besides the Expensiveness of so long a Journey, and Loss of Time, they had brought him from Georgia, in America, to the Highlands of Scotland, in a few Minutes.

S O N G.

Hear me thou pow'rful God of Love,
 Look from thy happy Realms above ;
 Oh ! listen to my mournful Strains,
 Support me under all my Pains ;
 Make cruel, cruel Cloe kind,
 To ease my love tormented Mind.

I seek the dismal gloomy Shade,
 Near to some murmuring Cascade ;
 A silent, doleful, dark Retreat,
 Where I my Sorrows may repeat,
 Since I have lost my Cloe dear,
 And she is gone I know not where.

Attend me all ye warbling Choir,
 Oh ! listen to my chaste Desire ;
 Exert your little quav'ring Throats,
 In melodious, lulling Notes,
 And draw my Cloe to the Grove,
 That I may tell her how I love.

After an Engagement at Sea, several dead and wounded Seamen lying upon the Deck of the Ship, the Surgeon came up with his Mate, to assist those who were not past Cure ; when having taken those who shew'd any Signs of Life down to his Cabbin, he ordered the Men to throw the rest over board—one of them removing some Bodies that lay on a Heap together, a wounded Man beg'd they wou'd send for the Surgeon, and not throw him over, as he hop'd by proper Care to do well again—D—n your E—s, says a blunt Tar, hold your Tongue, you Son of a W——e, what do you prate for ? did not the Surgeon say you was dead, and order you to be thrown over ; do you think I won't believe him before you.

The late Beau Nash, when he was indispos'd once, was visited by Dr. Cheny ; the Doctor writes him a Prescription

scription and takes his leave ; in a Day or two the Doctor calls again, and finds him up and well ; so, Nash, says he, did you follow my Prescription ? No, Egad ! cries Nash, if I had, I should have broke my Neck ; why so, says the Doctor ? Why, says Nash, because I threw it out of a two Pair of Stairs Window.

Another Time, Nash was complaining to the Ear' of Chesterfield, what bad Luck he had at Play ; for, says he, that d—n'd B—h Fortune is always against me ; I lost five Hundred Pound last Night ; is it not wonderful, my Lord, that I shou'd be always mau'd in this Manner ? 'Tis not at all strange to me, Nash, says the Earl, that you shou'd lose your Money, but both my self and the whole World wouders where you get it to lose.

Queen Ann ask'd Beau Nash, why he wou'd not be Knighted ? Nash reply'd, because he wou'd not be call'd Brother by Sir William Read, the Mountebank Doctor (who had been Knighted but a little before)

Some Gentlemen a Hunting, desired a Man with a long Pole in his Haud to break down a Hedge for them ; instead of which, he takes a Run and leaps over himself, telling them their Horses were not fit to Hunt upon if they ccu'd not do as much.

One told his Friend, his Coat was all in Pieces ; true, says he, so is your's, so is every Body's else ; for I never knew a whole Coat since our Saviour's time.

S O N G.

A Pox of this Fooling and Plotting of late,
A very pretty Fancy, a fine gallanty Show ;
A Fig for my dainty and civil Spouse Kate,
All Archers and Fiddlers and Shoemakers too :
Let dear Blowzabella my bouncing Doxy,
Go away to Belphegor, and then cry Boh :
Let Sparabella court Phillis by Proxy,
And Patrick sing Shabaroo Woorooweeroh.

As

As madly I mus'd in the Meads all a lone ;
 I saw a tall Man take a Leap in the Dark ;
 Old Christopher Cooper has broke his Back-Bone,
 With climbing an Oak-Tree, to catch a Sky-Lark.
 Here's a Whim-Wham newly come over from France ;
 Ten merry Germans together a drinking :
 'Twas Tamerlane led old Bajazet a Dance ;
 And of a right noble Race was old Shinkin.

Say, good Master Bacchus, a-stride on your Butt ;
 The old Bar-Bell of the World—shall I ring it ?
 'Twas Timothy stabb'd his Man Peter i'th' Gut :
 If you've got any very good Wine, pray bring it.
 Says Roger to Harry, our Teams shall lie still.
 Zoonds ! what the Devil makes Thomas to swear so !
 The Butcher of Banbury up with his Bill :
 Quoth Taffer, Shemerramme Arenero.

The Mount of the Delphian God is so high,
 'Twas Ambition's State gave Joy to great Cæsar :
 The Broomhall-Green Girl, she has got a black Eye :
 Old Alexander the Great cannot please her.
 Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's Back-Door :
 When humming brown Beer it was first in the Vogue ;
 'Twas Peter Wood called his Wife a d——d Whore :
 Jack Wilson had Reason to call him a Rogue.

Bow-wow crys the Dog, and the Cat she crys Mew :
 Bett Tomkins is just now gone to be married :
 Tom Goring, last Night, was so drunk, made him
 spew !
 And sure my Neck had been broke, had I tarry'd.
 Simon and Susan, like Birds of a Feather ;
 When he chanc'd to catch her i'th' Dark, she cry'd—
 Baw !
 The Trumpington Miller was a great Bleather,
 And so was King John, Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw.

It

As

It is a common Observation, that Men of great Abilities in one Respect, have been often deficient in others, of which the late Mr. Addison was an Instance: For, though no Man wrote better in his Time; yet, as a Member of Parliament, he was very bashful in speaking—Once, when a Member had been speaking for some Time, Mr. Addison rising to speak against him, begun with—I conceive, Sir—which he pronounced three times, and could get no further; upon which a smart young Commoner starts up, and says, behold the great Mr. Addison has conceived three times, and has brought Nothing forth.

Two Irishmen meeting, after a long Absence, Oh, Patrick! How do you, my Dear? And how does Cousin Mac Clary do? Oh, says Patrick, I will tell you now, Joy—Let me see—Arrah now, Joy, but if he had liv'd 'till To-morrow, it would just have been three Weeks since he dy'd.

S O N G.

When Cloe, with majestic Air,
Appears amidst the gazing Crowd,
What Acclamations greet the Fair,
The Swains extol her Charms aloud.

What killing Glances from her Eyes,
She darts thro' the advent'rous Throng!
But when she speaks, with what Surprise
They stand, such Music's in her Tongue!

The Roses in her Cheeks are blown,
With Streaks of Lillies here and there;
Her black disheveling Hair hangs down,
And shews her Iv'ry Neck more fair.

Her Breath, as sweet as Violets smell,
Her pouting Lips, of Coral Hue,
Wou'd tempt an Hermit from his Cell,
And his old Age to Youth renew.

Her

Her Shape, her Air, her blooming Mein,
 Her ev'ry Feature in her Face,
 Shews her a Goddess all divine,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry sparkling Grace.

What Raptures raise me to the Skies,
 When I her heav'nly Charms explore!
 Grant me, ye Gods! the lovely Prize,
 No more I'll ask, nor wish for more.

The W O N D E R.

Stop, Traveller, this wonderful Sign explore,
 And say, when thou hast read it o'er and o'er,
 Now, Grantham, two such Rarities are thine,
 A lofty Steeple, and a living Sign.

A Gentleman very fond of Courfing, having had no Sport for some Time, was complaining to his Friends about it. They told him of a Fellow that would find a Hare for him presently, if he could get him to go with him: He accordingly sent to him, to desire he would go out with him the next Morning. This he could not handsomely refuse, though he happened to be one he had a Dislike to. They tramp'd about the whole Forenoon, without starting any Game, which put the Gentleman out of Patience—He told his Friends, the Fellow knew no more of a Hare, than an Ass. The Truth of the Matter was, the Fellow found two, but put the Dogs wrong purposely, and the next Opportunity went and got them both himself.

A young Gentleman being troubled with an Impostume, and having try'd a great many Methods to no Purpose, a Quack Doctor and his Man happening to come to Town, and hearing of his Disorder, offered to cure him, provided he was rewarded accordingly. This was agreed to—The Master taught the Merry Andrew the Part he was to play: He thereupon orders a large

E

Hasty-

Her

Hasty-Pudding to be made ready against he came, which was carried into the Room where the Gentleman lay, and which his Man and himself sat down to eat in his Sight. After two or three Mouthfuls, the Man, as agreed on, threw a large Lump of the Pudding in his Master's Face : This the Doctor returned—Andrew at him again—And thus they threw all the Pudding at one another, which caus'd such a Fit of Laughter in the young Gentleman, as broke the Impostume, and he recovered, to the great Joy of his Family and Friends, who sufficiently recompensed the Doctor for his Ingenuity.

Father, says an arch young Sprig, what d'ye think my Mother told me this Morning ? Why, what ? says he—Why she told me, that if I liv'd to your Years, I should be as cross an old Dog as you are—Rot you for a Whelp, the Bitch did not tell you so, did she ? Yes, Father, and I believe it true now, for no body but a Dog, would marry a Bitch.

S O N G.

Under a green and verdant Shade,
Wildly gazing,
Looks amazing,
Poor Cloe on a Bank was laid ;
Panting, sighing,
Melting, dying,
A most forlorn and wretched Maid.
Damon the false dissembling Swain,
With feigned Tears,
He vows and swears,
That Cloe o'er his Heart did reign ;
Told her never,
Wou'd he ever
Give her Reason to complain.

Thus

Thus gaining on the lovely Fair,
 With artful Wiles,
 He her beguiles,
 And draws her in the fatal Snare,
 When cloy'd at last,
 The Pleasure past,
 He leaves the Nymph in deep Despair.

On a P A I N T E R.

Nat drew grim Death, who for his Picture sat,
 But e'er he'd finish'd Death arrested Nat;
 He drew the raw-bon'd Rascal by his Art,
 But had forgot to take away his Dart;
 And whilst he had the Skeleton in view,
 What he had drawn in Jest, he found too true;
 And then poor Nat who had the Picture shown,
 Found to his cost, that he had drawn his own.

A young Mercer having a pretty Fortune to begin the World with, set up in a certain Market Town, in Norfolk; and taking a Fancy to a rich Farmer's Daughter, in a Village about two Miles of the Town where he lived: He made his Addresses to her, and having a good Character, and well recommended, the Matter was soon agreed upon, and the Day fixed for the Ceremony. In the Interim, being one Night at a Public House with some of his Acquaintance, one of them propos'd him a Wager of twenty Pounds, (knowing of his Engagements) that he cou'd not forbear his Wife the three first Nights; the Wager was accepted; soon after they were married, and all was Mirth and Jollity: After they had got to Bed, the young Fellow gave the Bride a few kind Words and Kisses, and then went to Sleep. When he arose in the Morning, the old Woman went to her Daughter and ask'd her, how she liked her Bedfellow? Oh! Mother, says she, I know not what to say to it, but I might as well not have been married at all; and told her what had pass'd, which was not at all in the young Man's favour. The old Woman in a

Rage marches Home to her Husband, and with the most violent Invectives against her Son in Law, declared she wou'd have the Waggon sent for her Daughter and her Goods home again: The Husband surpriz'd, told her, perhaps the young Man had got a Cup too much, which might disable him for that Night, for they were all very Merry, therefore they should try him another Night—Accordingly the old Woman went to see her Daughter the next Morning; when putting the Question, to her, Oh! Mother, says she, it's still the same; the Mother more enraged than before, swore she wou'd send for her Home that very Day; and away she went, and told her Husband she insisted he shou'd send the Waggon for her Child and her Goods: The old Man begun to be nettled, to think his Daughter should be used so, but however he told her, he wou'd go and speak to his Son, and know the Reason of his Behaviour, before they came to Extremities; accordingly he sets out, and finds the Mercer in his Shop; after the usual Civilities, he desired his Son to take a little Walk into the Fields with him, he wanted to talk with him; this was agreed to, away they went, when coming to a large Pasture, where were several Cows and a Bull—the Bull chanc'd to get upon the Back of one of the Cows, which the Farmer observing, ask'd his Son, what he thought the Bull was about: nay, says he, you must know better than me, as you have been used to them all your Life: Well, says the Farmer, but you may have some guess however; why, says the Son, you may observe th- Pasture is bad, and the Bull has mounted the Cow's Back to see if he can find out a better: Upon this Answer, the Farmer, without any Ceremony, hurries Home, resolved to send the Waggon the next Morning for his Daughter and her Things. So soon as he got Home he told his Wife his Success, und was surprized such a lusty young Man, as he was shou'd behave no better; ah! hang him, says the old Woman, my Daughter might as well have married a Post, or a Log of Wood. The next Morning the Waggon was got ready; the old Woman sets out before,

fore, and going to her Daughter, who was still in Bed, (her Husband having but just left her) she found her still in the same Story ; well then, says the old Woman, get up, and let us pack up thy Things, thy Father is bringing the Waggon, thou shalt stay no longer here ; she then left her to look for what belong'd to her Daughter below Stairs ; the Mercer hearing them make a great Buffle and beginning to suspect the Matter, knowing he had won his Wager, runs up Stairs to his Wife, laid her upon the Bed, and went to work in earnest ; having play'd one merry Bout, and ready to begin again, his Wife was so well pleas'd, that she calls out aloud to her Mother, stop the Waggon ! stop the Waggon ! I won't go now. The Farmer was now come, and the young Couple coming down Stairs ; when the Daughter declared she was very well satisfied, which brought on an Explanation of his Behaviour : The old Farmer was highly delighted with his Son's Prudence ; but Zoonds, says he, had thou but told me, I would have kept the Secret, and yet have satisfied my Wife ; however I now wish you both Joy.

A Familiar E P I S T L E to Mr. L——e, at
FERRY-BRIDGE.

My worthy Friend, dear Mr. L——e,
I send these scurvy Lines to you,
In Order for to let you know,
The Thing that I intend to do.
The Wig I made you t'other Day,
I'll either sell, or give away :
Tho' now it fits you to a Tittle,
It very soon will be too little ;
For if a Month or two you wear it,
'Twill be so short you'll never bear it,
And this again will need repeating,
By stirring much about and Sweating ;
You'll find the Nature of a Wig, Sir,
Is to grow less, but never big, Sir ;

E 3

Tho'

Tho' now it fits as it appears,
 'Twill very shortly starve your Ears,
 Which certainly will hurt my Credit,
 And you will curse the Fool that made it ;
 And tho I made you Wigs before,
 You never will employ me more :
 This certrinly will be the Case,
 And all my former Fame disgrace ;
 Therefore it is my chief intent,
 Such dire Misfortunes to prevent ;
 For tho' the Wig be ne'er so well made,
 Yet certainly it must be ill made,
 Tho' it be ne'er so good or strong,
 Yet if it is too short or long,
 And doth not suit the Head it's made for,
 It surely never shou'd be paid for ;
 The Consequence of which you know,
 Is neither good for me nor you ;
 So to prevent all future Pother,
 I'll keep this Wig and make another ;
 And as you can't do long without it,
 I'll very shortly set about it,
 And make it large enough depend on't,
 To fit you well till there's an End on't ;
 And hope you'll think this good Behaviour,
 Is quite deserving of your Favour ;
 For my Ambition is to pleasure
 All Noddles I may chance to Measure ;
 And if I cover well their Brains,
 They'll Recompence me for my Pains ;
 And chiefly those, whose ready Money
 Repays my Labour, yours

D U N N Y.

A certain Son of Bacchus, by hard Drinking, threw
 himself into a Fever ; the Doctor that attended him gave a
 strict Charge that he shou'd have nothing to Drink : The
 Fever increased to such a Height, that the Doctor was for
 giving him over, and ordered the last Medicine : After
 the

the Doctor was gone, an old Nurse that attended him, seeing him hover betwixt Life and Death, the Fever being come to a Crisis, she ask'd him, if there was any thing he could wish to have, and she wou'd get it him, in spite of the Doctor; Oh! Nurse, says he, get me a Cup of good Ale; away runs the Nurse, and presently comes back with a large Bottle, which she gave him; he claps it to his Mouth, and made but one Pull before he saw the Bottom; this threw him into a gentle Sweat, and that into a sound Sleep, that by next Morning he was almost fit to get out of Bed. The Doctor coming as usual, and seeing him so much better, and imputing it to his last Prescription, cries out, Oh! the powerful Effects of Medicine! the powerful Effects of Medicine! The powerful Effects of my A—e, cries the Toper, a Bottle of Ale is worth all the Physic in Europe.

A good merry Fellow had a Hare sent him for a Present: He had a Neighbour, they call'd Jerry, who was very fond of Shooting; so he takes the Hare, and sets her in a Bush in a Close just by the Town, and then goes and acquaints Jerry, that he had found a Puss—Jerry takes down his Gun, begins cleaning it, went and bought Powder and Shot, and away they march'd—When they came to the Close, he points out the Bush where she was set: Jerry soon had his Eyes on her, when presenting his Piece, he let fly—Egad, I think I have her there, says he. Aye, says the other, if that Hare is not dead, thou never killed one in thy Life—When Jerry took her up, finding how it was, he fell a cursing and swearing like mad. Come, says the other, to make thee Amends, thou shalt have part of her to thy Supper.

A Gent'eman propos'd to some of his Tenants to go a Hunting, and he that first started a Hare, should have Half a Crown: An arch Fellow got the Skin of an Hare, and stuff'd it with Straw, and set it in a Bush where they were to hunt. When the Day came, he
went

went and told one of the Tenants, he would put him in the Way to get the Half Crown, provided he would give him a Share: This he agreed to; so he described the Place where he had set her, and told him she would sit there the whole Day, if she was not disturbed. Soon after the Hounds were turn'd out, and the Man goes to demand the Half Crown, as his Due for finding the first Hare. They bid him set her up, and he should have it: Away he goes to the Bush, fell to hallooing and shouting, beating the Bush with his Staff, but all to no Purpose. They ask'd him what he was about? Zoonds! she's here, says he, but she won't stir! They bid him take her up, when finding how it was, he sneak'd Home for Shame, whilst they laugh'd very heartily.

S T A N Z A's.

A Wight there was, in Days of Yore,
Within himself he fancies,
That he should sure have Wit in Store,
With reading of Romances.

Old, musty, rotten Books he pores,
Of Knights, and all their Deeds;
But yet he is a Fool the more
Those musty Books he reads.

With Whimsies now his Head was fill'd,
Resolv'd a Knight to be;
He swore all Monsters he wou'd kill,
And set poor Captives free.

Then quick the Armour he provides,
With Horse as black as Jet,
Whom mounting, thro' the Fields he rides,
To conquer all he met.

It chanced far he had not gone,
Before he met Adventures,
A Lawyer, in a long black Gown,
With Bonds, Deeds, Wills, Indentures.

Surprized

Surprized at the Man of Law,
 The horrid Form deceives him !
 He such a Monster never saw,
 'Thro' Fear, he runs and leaves him.

A Scotch Lord, who liv'd about twelve Miles from the City of Edinburgh, sent his Man Sawney with his Repeating Watch to that Metropolis to repair, with Orders to stay till it was done. As he was travelling Home again, the Watch begun repeating—As Sawny never heard it before, he was startled at it, and was sensible whence it proceeded, from the Motion in his Pocket—He takes it out, and was certain the Devil was in it, after swearing at it, it chanced to cease, when he swore, if it ever spoke again, he'd take out the Guts of it, and throw 'em into the Ditch: At the usual Time, it began again; when Sawny, frightened and out of Patience, took the Inside of the Watch from the Case, and threw it into the first Puddle he saw—Lie ye there, ye Edinbro' Dee'l, says he, or else gang Hame to your Master, Sawny's nae be troubled wi ye—When he got Home, his Master flew into a Rage, that he should bring the Case without the other Part; Sawney ingenuously told him the Truth, how that the Watch was very quiet, and never made any Noise whilst he was going, but the Watch-Maker was a Witch, and had put a speaking Devil into the Watch, and he had thrown it into the Ditch for being so troublesome.

Two ignorant Welshmen found a Watch near the mountainous Part of Wales, which some Traveller had dropt; having never seen one before, they thought, by the Circle and the Figures, it was dangerous to touch it, as it might have Magic in it: They called some more Neighbours together, to consult what to do with it—First they wondered what it could be; one said it was one Thing, and some another: One of 'em getting a little nearer, thought it made a Noise; when, clapping his Ear to it, he starts up with Cots splutter O
 nails!

nails ! 'tis a Chickmatod. This they agreed to, and so resolved to take every one a Stone to throw upon it, till they had made a Heap—Just as they had begun, a Jew came by ; and, upon Enquiry, finding what they were about, he desired them to desist, and he would give them a Shilling to drink, to let him take the Chickmatod away with him, for he knew how to deal with it ; this they agreed to, and both Sides parted very well satisfied.

At a Return of Members for a certain Borough in Yorkshire, a Servant Wench at the Inn (where the Members and the Electors din'd) was desired by one of the Gentlemen, to drink a Toast to all the Standing Members in ***** ; which the Girl (not knowing the double Entendre meant) very freely did, and repeated it several times, to the great Diversion of the Company, who made a pretty handsome Collection for her.

S O N G.

The PENITENT COQUET:

Being AMORET's Letter to PHILANDER, done into Verse, from the 6th Vol. of the SPECTATOR.

Oh, dear Philander, charming Swain !
Upon Reflection, true I find ;
The Injury, the Grief, the Pain,
I give the best of human Kind !

The Part I act, must now appear
Contrary to my Sex's Pride ;
Yet purposely, through Rules severe
I break, altho' the World may chide.

That my Repentance may be true,
In Measure equal to my Crime,
Oh ! cou'd I but recover you,
My Happiness would be sublime.

Your

Your dreaded Rival in my Heart,
 Superior only in Estate,
 In my Affections has no Part,
 I treat him with Contempt and Hate.

In Chariot gilt, and Liveries gay,
 The Fop attended me last Night;
 My Eyes such Anger did display,
 As drove him quickly from my Sight.

You must allow this was discreet,
 I wou'd no longer be abus'd,
 And yet I dread your Eyes to meet,
 After the Coquetry I've us'd.

I in the Country pass my Time,
 In Woods, and Fields, and Gardens gay,
 Where Flowers spring, in all their Prime,
 And all is sweet, and all is May.

Come then, Philander, come, my Swain,
 And let me fold thee in my Arms;
 Without thee, whilst I here remain,
 Woods, Fields, and Gardens, loose their Charms.

A certain gouty Colonel, who frequented the Bath every Season, had a particular Antipathy against the Doctors, upon Account of their Extortion the first Season he was there: This being known to some young Sparks, they waggishly sent a Billet to every one of the Doctors (unknown to each other) to attend the Colonel at a certain Hour the next Morning. The Doctors, proud of the Honour (as knowing him to be very rich) dress'd themselves to the Top of their Finery, with full powdered Wigs, and were punctual in their Attendance; they were all shewn, one after the other, into the Antichamber by the Footman (who knew nothing of the Matter) till the Colonel was stirring: Being all together, they imagined it was upon a Consultation they were sent for. Presently the Colonel rings, and they
 were

were introduced into his Bed-Chamber marching according to Seniority. The Colonel starts up an End, and stares with Surprise at them, having surrounded his Bed. The first Doctor advances to feel his Pulse, and so the others; the first Doctor desired the Colonel to put out his Tongue; put out my Tongue! ay, be Gad, that I will; when stooping for the Chamber-Pot, which happen'd to be pretty full—They seeing his Intention, made the best of their Way to the Door, but not so quick, but most of them got their powder'd Wigs, and fine Cloaths, sadly be-piss'd; so that it was break Neck or nothing down Stairs, to the high Diversion of the young Sparks, who had placed themselves conveniently to observe the Success of their Scheme.

Such another Set got the Chairmen of Bath, for a Reward, to take up all the Turnspit-Dogs they could find from all the Inns and Eating-Houses, and lock them up in a large Barn, till Dinner was over; it being Sunday, there was old whistling and calling the Dogs, but all in vain, the Cooks were forced to boil, broil, or fry, all that should have been roasted, to their infinite Trouble, and Vexation of their Guts—Dinners over, the Dogs were let loose, and run to their several Homes, but the poor innocent Curs suffered for the Frolick.

Mr. Ryan, the Comedian, coming to the Bedford Coffee House, calls the Coffee Boy—Here, bring me a Dish of Coffee, as hot as Fire—Mr. Quin (who was in the Room with Mr. Garrick) hearing this, calls to the Boy—Bring me a Dish of Coffee, as hot as Hell. Garrick, not to be behind-hand, gently calls the Boy—Bring me a Dish, but not so hot as theirs.

Quin and Garrick having sat late at a Tavern, bid the Waiter call a Chair; there was but one to be found, they each complimented the other with it. Come, says Quin, as I'm a large Man, I'll get into the Chair, and do you get into the Lanthorn, and then we shall both ride.

SAWNEY

SAWNY in the BOG-HOUSE.

From barren Caledonian Plains,
 To English Ground poor Sawny came :
 When Scotchmen travel on the Road,
 And have Occasion to unload,
 Down by the first Hedge-Side they squat,
 And leave behind—no matter what—
 This is their Practice all the Way,
 This gives them Ease, both Night and Day ;
 This Observation laid before ye,
 I'll now go forward with my Story :
 When near to London Sawny drew,
 The lofty Steeples met his View ;
 As nearer he the Place approaches,
 Stun'd with the Noise of Carts and Coaches,
 From Street to Street, he jogg'd along,
 Thro' all the hurly-burly Throng :
 At length, by certain Signs within,
 He knew what Work wou'd soon begin ;
 Therefore, he cast his Eyes about,
 To find a good snug Corner out :
 Long Time he wandred up and down,
 And curs'd the inconvenient Town,
 That wou'd afford no private Friend,
 To ease his tortured nether End :
 At last he step'd into an Inn
 (The Works of Nature is no Sin)
 He ask'd the Landlord for a Place,
 Where he might readily uncase ;
 He to a Bog-House straight was shewn,
 A Thing to him, till then, unknown :
 Around he cast his wond'ring Eyes,
 And two large Holes therein he 'spies,
 Down each he thrust his brawny Thighs,
 When, squeezing hard, he pleas'd cries,
 By Scotland's Saint, and holy Cross,
 By Argyll's Duke, and Earl of Ross,

F

Sawny

Sawny must be a Laird, I trow,
Ne'er did I nably sh—t till now :
Oh ! fatal Sh—t ! Oh ! fatal Word !
For he dawb'd his A—se with T—d.

R E B U S E S.

I.

What the gay roving Sparks and Lovers oft drink,
And the Bacchanals never disdain ;
Add my Name in common, and then, Sirs, I think,
You will find out the Thing that I mean.

II.

To what at Night doth give us Ease,
Five Hundred Weight add, if you please,
And those will shew a little Vill,
That stands upon a rocky Hill.

III.

To what I often dine upon,
Add Father Jacob's Pillow,
By these two will plainly be shewn
A little pleasant Villa.

IV.

Take three Fifths of an antient Weapon of Death,
What a Man gives a Maid, when he pledges his Faith ;
Then add a large Weight, or the Hunter's gay Note,
And you'll find a Town's Name, as sure as a Groat.

V.

Take Letter the First, of a Fruit that is fine,
A Vowel that Numbers to it you must join,
Then the Form of two Crosses pray set at the End,
And you'll find a Man's Name, who's his Country's
Friend.

Take

VI.

Take a Word often found in a Letter's Direction,
And one Half of the Word, that brings Bread to
Perfection;

To which add two Fifths of what grows in the Sea,
And you'll find out a Thing, that's very like Tea.

VII.

Take the Form of a House, top-cross'd in the Middle,
A Letter as straight as a String on a Fiddle,
To which join the first of a Thing that is laid,
And you will find many an idle Man's Trade.

VIII.

Take Letter the First of a sweet pleasant Town,
And one of the Vowels, not found in renown;
Join a Letter (the same I requir'd at first)
'The Beginning or End, by who's fault we're curst;
Put these all together, and write 'em out clearly,
And you may discover what Topers love dearly.

IX.

To one Third of a Dog, and the Fourth of a Rook,
Add the Fifth of a Rogue, and the Fourth of a Joke, }
And half a Denial to those you must Cook;
They will shew a Man's Name with a good pleasant Look,
That has been a good Friend in regard to my Book.

X.

Take Half of the Name of a fine eating Fruit,
Join Half of a Word of Denial to boot;
'Then without Pause, or the help of the Muses,
You'll find out a Thing that all the World uses.

XI.

To Half of the Herb that will fatten our Cattle,
And th' First of a courag'ous Creature in Battle ;
Join the Fourth of a Name that will make a Man stand,
And they'll shew one o'th' usefulest Things in the Land.

XII.

Take Milk and Wheat-Flower, and blend them together,
And the Fat of a Lamb, an Ewe, or a Weather ;
Then an Handful of Salt, and an Egg too, I trow,
And 'twill make up a Thing I love dearly, I vow.

XIII.

Take a few Latin Words, and join Number Two,
And the Year of our Lord and add thereunto ;
Then draw out the Head of a Man very Fair,
Four Crowns, four quartered Arms, and a Star ;
Gimp it all round the Edge, with a Stamp of Great Britain,
And you'll find out a Thing whose Adventures are written.

XIV.

To three Eights of a Coin that is greatly in Use,
Join two Thirds of a Word that twice Five will produce ;
To these add the Place wherein Mortals do dwell ;
Put these thus together, and do them right well,
And a Place you will find where a Beggar sits down,
With the same Ease and State as a King on his Throne.

XV.

To two Fifths of a noted and common French Coin,
Then a small Latin Word you must fairly subjoin ;
And a certain Corn's Name, with two Thirds of a Tree,
And those altogether well joined must be ;
Then take a good Spade, and dig deep in the Ground,
And a pectoral Root will quickly be found.

Take

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XVI.

Take the French Word for a Bridge, and then write it
out fair,

What begins a Queen's Name, of great Fame I declare ;
To which add two Fourths of a Quarrellsome Word,
What's sign'd by the King, when it's pass'd by the Lords ;
Join these altogether, and then I'll be sworn,
You'll find the Town's Name where the Author was born.

C O N N U N D R U M S.

1. Why are the French Ladies disconsolate ?
2. Why is a Fox's Tail like a Pair of Breeches ?
3. Why are some Parts of America like the Longi-
tude ?
4. Why is a Bankrupt like Gibraltar ?
5. Why is the Pope of Rome like a Grazier ?
6. Why is a Barber's Block like a Hunting Horse ?
7. Why is an empty Purse like the Leprosy ?
8. Why is a Bell like a Scold ?
9. Why is a good Preacher like a Seal ?
10. Why is the Seal of a Watch like a Thief on a Gibbet ?
11. Why is a fat Man commendable ?
12. Why is a Brewer like a lame Man ?
13. Why is a Tavern like Holborn ?
14. Why is a healthy Man like a Bell ?
15. Why is a Peruke like a Hen ?
16. Why is a Peruke like a Jocky ?
17. Why is a new ground Razor like a late Embassador ?
18. Why is a certain Wood like an Admiral ?
19. Why is a Dog like a Tanner ?
20. Why is a Cat like the King's Stables ?
21. Why is R—h—d D—h—ll a military Man ?
22. Why is Baghill like the Sea Shore ?
23. Why is Ferry-Bridge like a Cloud ?
24. Why is B—l—y C—gs like a Key ?
25. Why is a Spaniard like a River in Yorkshire ?
26. Why is Pontefract Market Place like Saint Paul's
Church ?

27. Why is Pontefract Bowling Green like Milford in Wales ?
28. Why is the Lord Chancellor like an Amphibious Animal ?
29. Why is a Taylor Litigious ?
30. Why are most Houses like a Man ?
31. Why is a Close-Stool like a Letter that's frank'd ?
32. Why are Coals like a fine Speech in Parliament ?
33. Why is a Candle like Seven Days ?
34. Why is a Chamber-Pot like a River ?
35. Why are some Beds good Vegetables ?
36. Why is Hyde Park like a Barber's Shop ?
37. Why is Tilbury Fort like a Tomb Stone ?
38. Why is an ambitious Man like Wakefield Steeple ?
39. What is a Man like that falls from a high Rock ?
40. Why is Featherstone Moor like a late Admiral ?
41. Why is a certain Landlord like the two first Letters of the Alphabet ?
42. Why is a certain Barber like a Man that is naked ?
43. Why is the Old Church like the Castle ?
44. Why is a Man that has Children like a Goose Quill ?
45. Why is Mr. Lowe's House like a Shoe ?
46. What is a Man like that is condemn'd for Murder ?
47. Why is the Author of this Book like an odd Glove ?

ANSWERS to the REBUSES, CONNUNDRUMS, &c.

SOLUTION of the ÆNIGMA.

1. An Eagle's Foot made into a Drinking Cup, in the Possession of Mr. George Green, at the Bull and Boat in Pontefract.

SOLUTION of the REBUSES.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. A Toast Jack. | 9 Mr. Green. |
| 2. Featherston. | 10. A Pen. |
| 3. Frystone. | 11. A Clock. |
| 4. Darrington. | 12. A Pudding. |
| 5. Mr. Pitt. | 13. A Guinea. |
| 6 Tobacco. | 14. A S—e House. |
| 7. Ale. | 15. Liquorice. |
| 8. A Pipe. | 16. Pontefract. |

ANSWERS to the CONNUNDRUMS.

1. Because they have lost their Merrygallant.
2. Because it covers his Buttocks.
3. Because they are undiscover'd.
4. Because he's in Straights,
5. Because he sells Bulls.
6. Because it is often mounted.
7. Because it has a great Evil.
8. Because it has a long Tongue.
9. Because he makes an Impression.
10. Because it is hung in Chains.
11. Because he shews good Breeding.
12. Because he Hops much.
13. Because it has a Bar in it.
14. Because he's full of Sound.
15. Because it has a Caul.
16. Because it is mounted.
17. Because it is KEEN.
18. Because it is SAUNDERS.
19. Because he Barks much.
20. Because she Mews.
21. Because he's Master of the Castle.
22. Because it is full of Sand.
23. Because it stands in the Air.
24. Because he's Master of the Locks.
25. Because he's called Don.
26. Because it has a Cross at the Top.
27. Because it contains a good Arbour.
28. Because he's a great Seal.
29. Because he makes a great many Suits.
30. Because they've a Backside.
31. Because it is under Cover.
32. Because they come from a Pitt.
33. Because it has a Week, alias, a Wick.
34. Because it is a Jordan.
35. Because they are Turnups.
36. Because it has a Bason in it.

37. Be-

- 37. Because it stands against Gravesend.
- 38. Because he's aspiring.
- 39. Like to break his Neck.
- 40. Because it has a Warren.
- 41. Because he's call'd Aby.
- 42. Because he is Bara Clough, alias, Bara O Cloth.
- 43. Because they're both in Ruins.
- 44. Because he's a Feather, alias, a Father.
- 45. Because it is upon the Bridge Foot.
- 46. Like to be hang'd.
- 47. Because there is not his Fellow.

T H E



T H E
C O N T R A S T
A
MUSICAL, SATYRICAL
ENTERTAINMENT,
I N
T W O P A R T S.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRITANIA, the GENIUS of BRITAIN.

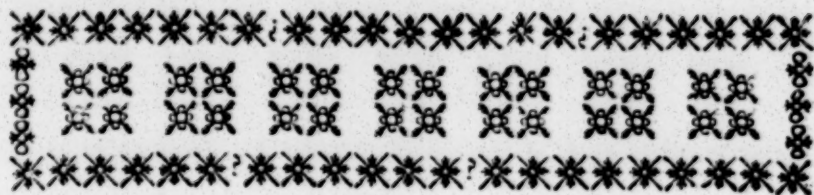
GALLIA, the GENIUS of FRANCE.

RUSTICUS, a Country bred Gentleman Farmer.

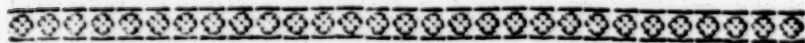
FOPLING, a Rakish Beau.

Countrymen, &c. and other Attendants.

SCENE, Sometimes the Country, but chiefly in
London.



THE
C O N T R A S T.
PART the FIRST.



SCENE I. The Country.

Curtain draws, and discovers a beautiful Prospect of an old Mansion House, with several Farm Houses adjoining, and the Implements of Husbandry.

Time, The Sun rising.

Enter Rusticus, with a Fork on his Shoulder.

RECITATIVE.

RUSTICUS.    WHEN Sol's bright Beams salute
 W  my Eyes,
  Then with the early Lark I rise;
  In Mirth and Glee I spend the
Day,

And Time doth gently glide away;
With Labour I enrich the Soil,
But Profit still repays my Toil.

AIR

A I R I.

How sweetly the Time do I pass,
When under the Myrtle's sweet Shade,
With innocent Sheep on the Grass,
No Troubles my Peace can invade.

When I hear the sweet Warblers sing,
What Music enchants ev'ry Grove!
I grudge not the State of a King,
Nor envy the Happy in Love.

Each Day that succeeds to the last,
Additional Pleasures doth bring;
I never look back on the past,
The present excites me to sing.

S C E N E II.

Enter GALLIA behind him.

RECITATIVE. [Aside.]

GALLIA. Thus sung the Swain who's Heart from
Love was free,
Scorn'd Cupid's Pow'r, secure of Liberty;
But when Corrina's Charms surpriz'd the Rake,
His conquer'd Heart acknowledg'd its Mistake.

A I R II.

Why wilt thou lead thy Life in Toil?
What Pleasure can ensue,
From flaving in the dirty Soil,
Where no Delight's in View.

Shall Brutes, and such like senseless Things,
Alone employ thy Care?
Content from Slav'ry never springs,
But Grief and black Despair.

Then

Then leave those wild and dreary Plains,
Attend to my Advice,
I'll free thee from thy rustic Chains,
Make thee polite and wife.

Thou in a Coach shall take Delight,
To th' Park, th' Ball, or Play ;
With Ladies thou shall pass the Night,
With Lords and Peers the Day.

RECITATIVE.

RUSTICUS. That which you call Toil, to me is a
Blessing ;
Content with what I'm already possessing,
My Flocks and my Herds are my Riches in Store,
My Mind is at Ease, and I covet no more.

A I R III.

What tho' I'm but a Country Clown,
That ne'er saw London City,
Where Coaches rattle up and down,
And all the Folks are witty :
Yer I'm content, I have no Pride,
I'm honest in my Heart ;
I care not in a Coach to ride,
Since I have got a Cart.

The Rich, who live so grand and high,
Their Pride makes them unruly ;
They never live contentedly,
But I can do so truly :
My Mind's at Ease, I have no Pride,
Nor Envy in my Heart,
I never in a Coach will ride,
Whilst I can keep a Cart.

G

What

What tho' fine Silks their Persons grace,
 Lac'd over most delicious;
 Yet still their Hearts are false and base,
 Their Inclinations vicious:
 Whilst I'm content, and have no Pride,
 Nor Malice in my Heart,
 Nor ever in a Coach will ride,
 While I possess my Cart.

All Day I whistle thro' the Fields,
 At Night too I'm as merry;
 My homely Fare Contentment yields,
 My Cyder is my Sherry:
 Since I am happy, without Pride,
 Or Hatred, in my Heart;
 Let all the World in Coaches ride,
 And I'll ride in my Cart.

RECITATIVE.

GALLIA. Thy Ignorance, Youth, is the Cause of
 thy Hate,
 Thy Knowledge is bounded within thy Estate!
 Didst thou know the Blessings that I can procure,
 To toil and slave thus thou wou'd'st never endure.

A I R IV.

Tho' so careful all Day,
 With thy Corn and thy Hay,
 And thy Flocks, that they never may wander;
 It is not for thy self
 That thou hoards up thy Pelf;
 'Tis for all thy young Children to squander.

Didst thou know the Blessing,
 The Great are possessing,

That

That know well how to manage their Riches ;
 Thou wou'd'st leave this dear Brook,
 With thy Scrip and thy Crook,
 And away throw thy old Leather Breeches.

Come then take my Advice,
 Be thy self in a Trice,
 And be gen'rously free of thy Treasure :
 Leave thy Work to thy Men,
 And go to it again,
 When thou art quite a-weary of Pleasure.

A I R V.

RUSTICUS. I'm struck with the Words you have
 spoke,
 Convinc'd that they are but too true,
 Since Life is no more than a Joke,
 From hence I will Pleasure pursue.

My Soul is fir'd with Ambition,
 No longer I'll dwell with th' Swains;
 Quickly I'll change my Condition,
 And leave th' dull Groves, and the Plains.

Then lead me, I'm willing to go,
 Be you my Instructor and Guide :
 Make me both polite, and a Beau,
 And I'll learn in a Coach to ride.

G 2

A I R

A I R VI.

GALLIA. [Aside.]

Thus Woodcock like he is caught in my Snare,
And now I can use him at Pleasure ;
I'll transform the Clown to Monsieur Bellair,
And teach him to squander his Treasure. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter BRITANIA.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANIA. Immortal Pow'rs that Rule the Azure
Skies,
Give Ear unto a mournful Mother's Cries :
Behold with Pity my distressful State,
Save me from Ruin and impending Fate.

A I R VII.

My Sons that were wont to protect me,
With Folly are all gone astray ;
When I sue with Scorn they reject me,
And where they shou'd Save, they Betray.

S C E N E IV.

Enter FOPLING drunk, with a Bottle and Glass.

A I R VIII.

FOPLING. Now I am a jovial Drinker,
Like Bacchus I'm Divine ;
'Tis now I am a stout Free-Thinker,
A Toper of good Wine.
Fill, fill th' Bowl up to the Brim,
So large and deep that I may Swim ;
When empty I again can fill,
For like the God of Wine I'll swill.

Always

[79]

A I R XII.

BRITANIA Solus.

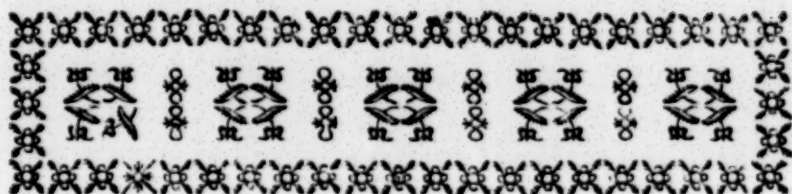
As yet he's with Liquor oppress'd,
And but in a Pot Valiant Mood ;
I fear when he's taken his Rest,
He again will Relapse and be Rude.

O Goddess of Wisdom once more,
Thy Aid and Assistance I crave ;
Display all thy heavenly Pow'r,
And keep him from Folly a Slave.

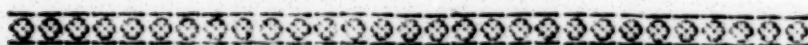
[Exit.]

END of the FIRST PART.

THE



THE
C O N T R A S T.
PART the SECOND.



S C E N E I. A Tavern.

Enter RUSTICUS, dress'd very gay, with several Companions, a Table, with Bottles, Glassses, &c.

RECITATIVE.

RUSTICUS.



OW whilst Wine cheers our
Hearts, and makes us so gay,
That Mirth and Good-Humour
may join in the Lay,
The brisk flowing Bowl shall our
Sorrows beguile,
And a Song you shall hear, shall make you all smile.

A I R I.

Drink about, my brave Boys,
Wine brightens our Joys,

OF

Always Drinking, never Shrinking,
Free from Thinking,
Always Merry, Brisk and Airy,
Wine and Sherry
Makes me so.

Leave your Lasses, fill you Glassses,
Life soon passses ;
Then Drink about, and Drink it out,
Then Drink about, and Drink it out,
This is the Life of a Topping Beau.

A I R IX.

BRITANIA. O Youth, how wretched is thy State !
Some Demon has led thee astray ;
Repent thee e'er yet it's too late,
Give Ear and my Precepts obey.

Thou in thy Form a Man appears,
But thy Heart is brutish and wild ;
Thy Courage is quite lost in Fear,
And Drink makes thee weak as a Child.

Why was thou endow'd with Reason,
And adorn'd with every Grace ;
Thou repays the Gods with Treason,
Their Image meanly dost deface.

Oh ! for Shame then look within thee,
Reflect upon thy dang'rous State ;
Let my kind Intreaties win thee,
From all such Folly to retreat.

A I R X.

FOPPING. Well I swear by the Wine in my Bottle,
You Preach it exceedingly well ;
And I'll never believe Aristotle,
In Politics cou'd you excel.

But (hickup) in short, dear Madam,
For I damnably hate long Speeches ;
You'd better by half, if you had 'em,
Be drest in a Waistcoat and Breeches.

Your Words then wou'd carry more weight,
For Zounds it is (hickup) uncommon,
That a Man shou'd be taught what's Right,
And what's Wrong, and that by a Woman.

But since you will be my Instructor,
Tell me what you'd have me to do,
And then, my dear Pettycoat Doctor,
I'll (hickup) be ruled by you.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANIA. To Arms, then to Arms my gallant Boy,
to Arms,
Follow, follow Glory in War's dread alarms ;
With Courage Face my Foes, gain Honour in the Cause,
And Fight for thy Country, thy Liberty and Laws.

A . I R XI.

FOPLING draws his Sword.

Lead me straightway to the Battle,
Where the Drums and Trumpets sound,
Where th' thund'ring Cannons rattle,
And the Bullets fly around.

Then my haughty Foe shall tremble,
Whilst I brandish thus my Sword ;
I'm not used to dissemble,
George for England is the Word.

{Exit. FOPLING.

A I R

Of which we will Plenty partake :
 That Mortal's an Ass,
 Who refuses his Glafs,
 And shall never be reckon'd a Rake, a Rake,
 And shall never be reckon'd, &c.

The Lover that sighs,
 With languishing Eyes,
 For some cruel Damsel's Sake ;
 If he shews a Remorse
 To drink in his Course,
 Shall never be reckon'd a Rake, &c.

Who trades on the Seas,
 His Wealth to encrease,
 And brings Store of Wines with him back ;
 If none of his Friends
 Must partake of his Gains,
 He shall never be reckon'd a Rake, &c.

That Lawyer's a Knave,
 Altho' he's so grave,
 If he won't of his Bottle partake,
 Since he gets all the Chink,
 If he grudges to drink,
 He shall never be reckon'd a Rake, &c.

The Physician with Pills,
 Who cures all our Ills,
 Whether regular bred, or a Quack,
 Since he gets so much Wealth,
 If he won't drink a Health,
 He shall never be reckon'd a Rake, &c.

Who plagues his dull Brains
 With Poetic Strains,
 A Song or a Poem to make ;
 If he does not think fit
 To drink for his Wit,
 He shall never be reckon'd a Rake, &c.

But

But the good merry Soul,
That will join to a Bowl,
And freely his Bottle will crack ;
A Brother to me
That Toper shall be,
And shall justly be reckon'd a Rake, a Rake,
And shall justly be reckon'd a Rake.

[Exeunt Company. Manet RUSTICUS.]

S C E N E II.

Enter BRITANIA.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANIA. Stay, stay, Oh ! stay deluded Youth,
Too simply led away from Truth ;
Turn back and take Advice from me,
Thy Country's Genius speaks to thee.

A I R II.

If thou ar't not quite lost to Reproof or Advice,
A Mirror to thee I'll display ;
Canst thou thus th' dear Country that bred thee despise,
And frolic thy Freedom away.

'Tis the finical Fops that puff up thy fond Heart,
With Notions fantastic and void ;
Proud France made my Sons from their Duty depart,
'Tis she wou'd fain have me destroy'd.

Call, dear Youth, to thy Mind all my Heroes of old,
Remember great MARLBOROUGH's Name ;
No effeminate Mortals, but gallant and bold,
That counted all Trifles, but Fame.

Let the Thoughts of their Actions inspire thy brave Son,
French Treachery fill thee with Rage ;
Then we shall that fickle proud Nation controul,
When Britons her Sons shall engage.

Recit.

RECITATIVE.

RUSTICUS. Too just indeed is the Reproof you've
given,
To what a Depth of Wretchedness I'm driven ;
I much Regret my former happy State,
But I'll regain it e'er it be too late.

A I R III.

I'm asham'd of my Folly and Pride,
How vain do those Trappings appear ;
You have Reason indeed to deride,
I'm conscious I've bought 'em too dear.

What I labour'd so long for, at last,
I am sensible when it's too late ;
That th' short idle Time I have past,
Has nearly reduc'd my Estate.

I'm griev'd I e'er let th' Intruder,
Thus lead my fond Fancy away ;
May Curses o'ertake the Deluder,
That did me to Folly betray,

My Soul is inspired with Fury,
A dreadful Revenge I will take,
I'll no longer be fool'd, assure ye,
But I'll Fight for my Country's sake.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANIA. My Pleasure's compleat now you shew
such a Spirit,
It proves that you true English Courage inherit ;
Wou'd each Briton like you but his Wrongs thus resent,
My Foes so Perfidious wou'd quickly Repent.

A I R

A I R IV.

Cou'd I but wean my gallant Sons,
From Foppery and Ease;
They'd quickly make the French to rue,
The Time they broke the Peace.

Old Spartan Laws, and Roman Rules,
Wou'd reign throughout th' Realm;
Good Patriots and Heroes brave,
Wou'd guide the British Helm.

No more wou'd Dress and soft Delights,
Delude th' manly Breast;
Th' Fair, the Warrior wou'd esteem,
And ev'ry Beau detest.

No haughty Foe wou'd dare again,
Insult my Sons so bold;
But Britain's mighty happy Isle,
Wou'd Europe's Ballance hold.

S C E N E III.

Enter GALLIA behind them.

RECITATIVE.

GALLIA. Swift Light'nings and Thunder! — What
is it I see?
My Friend with my old hated Foe doth agree!
So lately won over, dare he thus incline,
To hinder my almost compleated Design?

A I R V.

Dennis, thou great Pattern of France,
Hear Peter's great Successor;
Against my Foe your Arms advance,
And help me to oppress her.

Shall

Shall her warlike, boist'rous Tale,
Win my Lover from me ?
Shall she with her Arts prevail,
And thus over-come me ?

Aid me now, each flatt'ring Strain,
Assist me, dear Revenge ;
Let me prove her Labour vain,
And all her Plots unhinge.

Fate attend me but this once,
Dear Fortune meet my Call,
Let me conquer but her Sons,
And I shall conquer all.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANIA. Now, now, my Son, exert thy manly
Spirit,
And all thy great Ancestors Fame inherit :
See there thy Foe, that wou'd thy Heart beguile,
And wishes to enslave this happy Isle.

A I R VI.

What by War you did gain,
Both from her, and from Spain,
With a Peace you did always restore ;
You was greatly to blame,
Be it own'd to your Shame,
Let her never deceive you no more.

But scorn and detest her,
With Courage resist her,
And be still a bold Briton, and brave ;
All her Precepts neglect,
All her Proffers reject,
And she never can make thee a Slave.

H

A I R

A I R VII.

RUSTICUS. Hence away, fantastic Creature,
From these Shores quick take thy Flight;
Seek no more to alter Nature,
Now my Soul abhors thy Sight.

Tho' thy Wiles did once deceive me,
When I was a simple Swain;
Now grown wise, I charge thee, leave me,
Tempt no more, 'tis all in vain.

Dread the Rage of English Thunder,
Which can reach thy distant Shores,
Tim'rous Slaves will tremble under
Britain's Lion, when he roars.

A I R VIII.

GALLIA. Wretch, how dares thou thus to brave me!
Me, who all thy Threats despise:
From my Fury nought shall save thee,
I cou'd blast thee with mine Eyes.

Dost thou threat me with thy Thunder!
Dread the Fury of my Frown!
When I give this Land to Plunder,
Thou too late my Pow'r shall own.

Then both thee, and thy Protector,
The dire Consequence shall rue,
When with Scorn I do reject her,
She'll in vain for Mercy sue.

A I R

A I R IX.

BRITANIA. Thou insolent, empty, despiseable Wretch !
 How dares thou once think to reduce me so low ?
 No, tho' all my Limbs on the Rack thou shou'd'st stretch,
 My Soul wou'd disdain such a Meanness to shew.

Remember Poictors, and great Cressy's black Plains,
 And tremble at Agincourt's fierce bloody Field ;
 Not all Lethe's Waters will wash out those Stains,
 A few of my Sons, made thy whole Army yield.

A I R X.

GALLIA. Strumpet, I cou'd make thee tremble,
 Shou'd I but my Arm advance ;
 Thou thy Terror dost dissemble,
 Thou art still afraid of France.

Then no longer dare provoke me,
 Nor my Power more engage ;
 Tho' to spare thee, Gods invoke me,
 I will crush thee in my Rage.

Tho' that Fool has left my Standard,
 I have others on my Side ;
 Thy own Sons shall be my Vanguard,
 And shall help to crush thy Pride.

Gallant Fopling is my Darling,
 He shall lead my Gallic Bands ;
 He shall soon prevent thy Snarling,
 And in Chains confine thy Hands.

FOPPING Enters while she Sings.

A I R XI.

FOPPING. Madam stay, you are too sudden,
I your Darling tell you so,
He that feeds on Beef and Pudding,
Ne'er can prove his Country's Foe.

When with Drink intoxicated,
I did oft to Vice incline;
Yet with Reason reinstated,
I curse the Effects of Wine.

Your Designs again, my Nature.
I can never take your Part;
He can never prove a Traitor,
That can boast a British Heart.

Therefore Madam keep your Distance,
Never hope for such a Thing,
That I'll ever give Assistance
'Gainst my Country, or my King.

RECITATIVE.

GALLIA. Furies and Hell!—am I thus treated!
Are all my well laid Schemes defeated!
Oh! Curfed Fates! you are too severe!
Such Disappointments who can bear?

A I R

A I R XII.

Wretches tremble at my Anger,
 Since you've thus abus'd my Love,
 I'll return with martial Clangor,
 My Revenge shall direful prove.

When with Fire and Sword I enter,
 You will curse the Fate of War;
 I'll pursue you to the Center,
 Not one single Briton spare.

Then for Mercy meanly suing,
 Whilst your Habitations Flame;
 I shall triumph in your Ruin,
 From Earth expel the British Name.

[Exit in a Rage.

A I R XIII.

BRITANIA. Go detested shameful Haggard,
 To superior Power yield;
 Nature never meant a Braggard,
 Shou'd meet Heroes in the Field.

Go, I set thee at Defiance,
 I at thy vain Threats can Smile;
 Those in whom we put Reliance,
 Will protect the British Isle.

A I R

R

A I R XIV. With the CHORUS.

BRITANIA.

Freedom o'er Slavery triumphs at the last,
And enhances the Pleasure, when Danger is past;
My inveterate Foe, with her fantastic Schemes,
Built Castles in th' Air, and she conquer'd in Dreams:
But, Britons more noble, Substantials will dare,
In Peace they are glorious, victorious in War;
Victorious and glorious in War and in Peace,
And George and Charlotta shall rule th' wide Seas.

RUSTICUS.

Come, Brothers in Courage, come my brave British
Boys,
Come, with Hearts all united, make Freedom your Choice,
And take Warning by me, shun all Folly and Vice,
And never be tempted with Flattery and Lies;
Our Fame then immortal, will shine out like a Star,
Both glorious in Peace, and victorious in War;
Victorious and glorious in War and in Peace,
Great George and Charlotta shall rule the wide Seas.

FOPLING.

Come, ye gaudy pert fluttering Beaus, take Advice,
Be no longer so foppish, but learn to be wise; [Toys,
Scorn Dress and new Fashions, they're all vain empty
That Courage and manly Behaviour destroys;
Then more bright you will shine in th' Eyes of the Fair,
More glorious in Peace, and victorious in War;
Victorious and glorious in War and in Peace,
And George and Charlotta shall rule the wide Seas.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Come, ye Old and ye Young, come, ye Grave and ye
 Gay,
 With your Voices united, come join in the Lay,
 That true Courage, with Virtue and Honour may reign
 In th' Hearts of the Subjects, the King and the Queen,
 Then again to insult us, no Foe e'er shall dare,
 Whilst glorious in Peace, and victorious in War;
 Victorious and glorious in War and in Peace,
 Great George and Charlotta shall rule the wide Seas.

F I N I S.





